JOHN BULL, week ending June 24, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1984

3D EVERY THURSDAY

MOTHERS AND BABIES by the EDITOR

BATTLE CUNNING by a GUARDS C.S.M.

FRANCE: A QUICK SOLUTION NEEDED by A.G.G.

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(2) Next remove the Clothing Book carefully and put it away in a safe place. You will not be able to use it before August 1st.

(3) Then, on page 5 of the Ration Book, write your name and address in Section A and your *present* milk retailer's name and address in Section B.

Then you must register afresh with all your retailers (except for milk), even if you wish to remain with your present retailers, as most people will. If you fail to re-register, your retailers may not be able to serve you after July 23rd. *You cannot change or re-register for milk.* Any registrations you may have made after May 21st need not be renewed.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUES., WED., THURS. & FRI. AT 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 206

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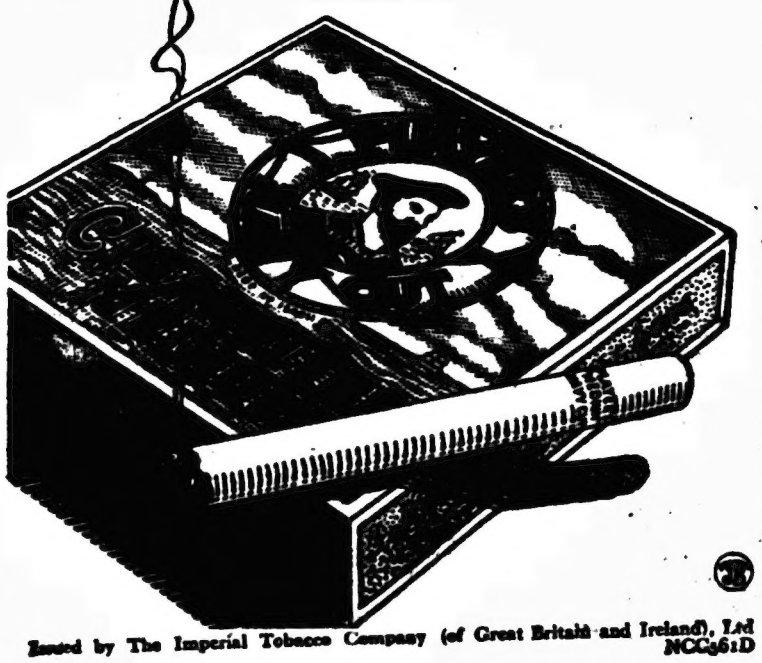

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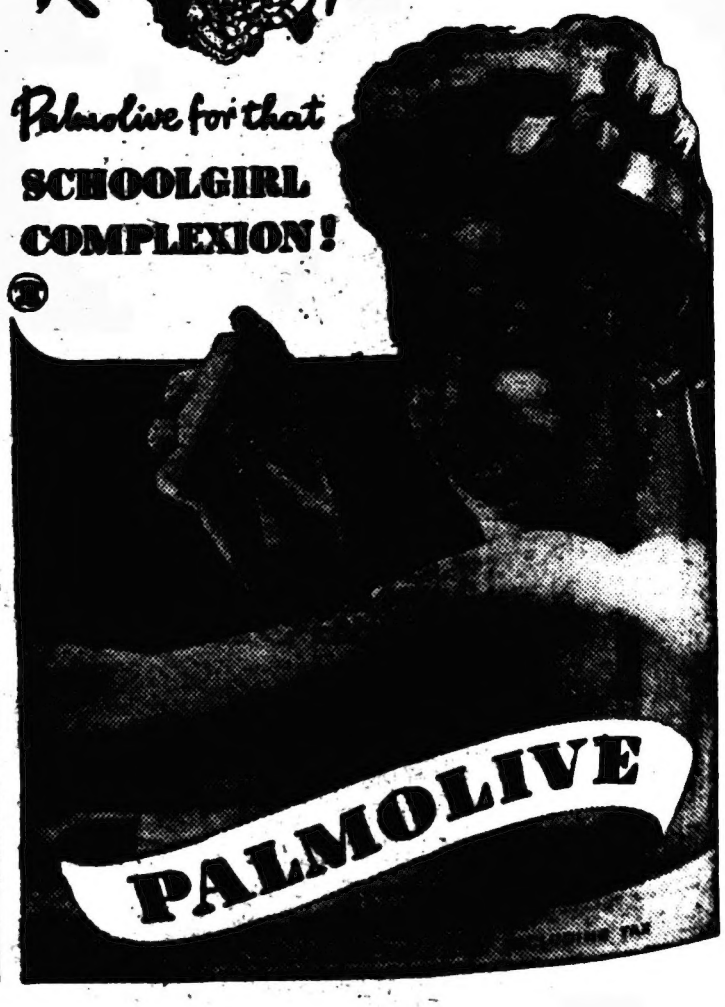

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 24, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

WORK FOR ALL

● For the first time, the State has recognised its responsibility for finding jobs for all its citizens. So the Debate now taking place in the Commons should be of particular interest to our fighting men, the uniformed women behind the lines, and to every war worker.

They have an assurance that they will not be thrown on the scrap heap when peace is won.

But, though the Government's broad proposals are sound, there are objections which must be met, omissions which must be rectified.

A nation-wide development plan will be needed. What the U.S.A. and Russia have done, Britain can do. Our resources must be fully used and fairly distributed.

Those resources include Government factories built for war purposes? They are worth some eight hundred million pounds—a tidy sum. Why should they be handed over to private enterprise, since they were built with public money?

The same objection applies to the money which the Government will spend on experiments with jet-propelled aircraft. The assets produced by war should not be reserved for a few capitalists.

Straight from the Shoulder

INTO OUR STRIDE

LANDINGS continue, our gains are held, air-power rises to its zenith. Bigger and more audacious operations are to come.

They are, indeed, essential. Though we are getting into our stride, before we can advance in seven-league boots we must control large ports where the boots can be put ashore even in bad weather.

New Phase

We have no right to expect that we shall not meet with serious setbacks.

But a new phase of the Normandy venture is opening, and it should offer Montgomery great opportunities.

Rommel's Mistakes

Its significance will be all the more notable because of the strategic defeat inflicted on Rommel.

He intended to avoid a war of movement. He scrapped the German policy of strategic reserves. He concentrated instead on trying to prevent us from landing; and so he reinforced his coastal defences.

When these were overrun he did not wait to see where our main thrust would develop. He flung in his forces all along the line to confine us to a narrow strip. And he failed.

Grim, but . . .

The battles of the last week, grim and bloody though they have been, have been to our advantage.

Our territory has not only been held but enlarged.

At one point, Rommel guessed that we should make a frontal attack and prepared accordingly. He should have known Montgomery better. For Monty never uses the same methods twice. And, having won Tunisia by a frontal attack, in Normandy he swung an armoured scythe from left to right.

Tanks Must Rest

Having failed to crush this attack by 600 tanks, Rommel is now in a difficult position.

He must soon rest the four armoured divisions he has flung into the battle. If he does so, he will be unable to stem our advance into open country, where Montgomery will be able to exploit new tactics. For Rommel has not enough infantry to hold the line without armoured support.

His Strength

True, he has so far employed only about a quarter of the German forces in France, which must number some forty or fifty divisions.

We must pay tribute to him for having used as much. In view of the Allied pounding of his communications by air he has done marvels in bringing up reinforcements.

But if he throws more men into the battle he will run a grave risk of leaving other areas open to us.

Two C's

And if he gives ground he will invite Eisenhower and Montgomery to try an Allied blitzkrieg.

Much will no doubt depend on the speed with which landing-grounds for aircraft can be brought into service. Within a week of our landing five were in operation, and every day now brings rapid progress on others.

Below Par

The *Luftwaffe* cannot hope to give Rommel's infantry adequate cover. Moreover, our air losses have been below expectations, and certainly far lower than our ability to replace them.

That is also true of our sea-power. It is no secret that the warships which fired 2,000 tons of shells in ten minutes are but part of the forces we have available for action, and that they suffered astonishingly little loss.

Where Are They?

Whereas the slaughter of U-boats has been disappointing. There have been so few to destroy!

Perhaps, as the enemy claims, they have been reserved for action in broader seas. Certainly the Allied navies would be disappointed if they were allowed to rust in port.

Urgent Need

Wherever our admirals may be called upon to land further masses of troops, a good port should be our generals' first objective.

This may be a more important factor in other parts of the Continent than in Normandy.

In His Hand

It is cheering that our progress there, without the assistance of either Cherbourg or Le Havre, has kept so well to schedule.

And it is no less remarkable that in mountainous Italy General Alexander has weeks in hand. Better still, he holds crack enemy armies in his hand.

No Chance

Will they attempt to stand fast on the Leghorn - Florence - Rimini line?

In their desperate retreat, whole divisions have thrown away their equipment, have been split into regiments, regiments into battalions, battalions into companies. They are hardly likely to withstand Alexander's mailed fist, behind which is the strength of probably half a million men and innumerable guns.

Into France

Alexander, who has had the dirtiest tasks of this war, should crown his triumphs by advancing to the frontiers of Germany and Southern France. The menace to the latter from Corsica has already caused anxious speculation in the Reich!

On the Move

Moreover, our Russian friends are irresistibly moving forwards once more. The Finnish Government, which thought itself so clever to temporise while the thaw made military operations impossible, can see in summer that it was merely foolish.

It judged, too, that the Russians would rely on coastal landings instead of a frontal assault on the Mannerheim Line. Apparently it did not remember what happened in 1940.

On to Germany

The Russian gunners, best in the world, have bigger targets in the centre and south of the 1,800-mile front. And behind them are vast armies, *new* and well-equipped armies, determined that this shall be the last phase of the war.

The Rumanian oilfields, shattered by Allied bombing, the Balkan States beyond, and Germany itself will be the objectives. Probably there will be quite a few Stalingrads on the way.

Shaping Well

In the Far East, the toll of enemy vessels and aircraft continues with almost monotonous and daily regularity.

It is no insult to the Allied troops, fighting and dying in swamp and jungle, to say that the war against the Japanese is still mainly one of attrition. But this process of wearing the enemy down is an essential preliminary to the task of bringing our full forces into action, and it is being brilliantly executed.

Living in Luxury

In Normandy and Central Italy, an abundance of food, clothes, perfumes and other signs of prosperity has been witnessed by newspaper correspondents and film cameramen.

Stories of a Rome shop where nothing is priced at less than £100, and of a profusion of butter and poultry in Normandy, ring unpleasantly in the ears of British people who have been pulling in their belts for quite a long time.

Second Thoughts

But on second thoughts it may be remembered that Rome was always a rich city and that the Germans had good reason to be pleasant to the inhabitants of French coastal areas.

● Our troops are not likely, one imagines, to find a surfeit of food in French industrial towns. Or Belgium. Or Greece!

Peace-Makers

U.N.R.R.A. will still have a mighty job in feeding and reviving the stricken peoples of the occupied lands. And, fortunately, statesmen are thinking further ahead.

The Big Four—Britain, the U.S.A., Russia, and China—are likely to begin discussions shortly on the drafts they have drawn up for a world organisation to safeguard the peace of the future.

Landmarks

In our own country, too, there is news of reconstruction.

The Government's proposals on social security are to be issued at last in a White Paper. They will not be so comprehensive as the Beveridge scheme, but in some respects will probably out-William Sir William.

Busy Mr. Morrison

As a tailpiece to this, there will probably be another White Paper outlining a more equitable scheme of workmen's compensation.

Then a Land Powers Bill will be produced by Mr. W. S. Morrison.

Un-united

As our own tailpiece to this page, we may regret that such advances towards a Better Britain will not be matched by progress in co-ordinating our transport.

A master-plan for transport will be an essential preparation for full employment and prosperity. If railway, sea, air and road concerns are allowed unrestricted competition, waste and confusion must result.

So far, little or no planning for peace has been attempted by Lord Leathers, who has so ably demonstrated the co-ordination of transport as a wartime necessity.

(Continued overleaf)

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"JOHN BULL" offers a FREE INSURANCE POLICY, underwritten at LLOYD'S, against death or disablement as specified occasioned by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces, anywhere in Great Britain to HOME GUARDS, N.F.S., POLICE, WARDENS, FIRE GUARDS—in fact to every civilian reader.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—*Continued from preceding page*

AT Westminster they fought out an important battle last week. Much the same principles were involved as in the campaign across the water. Dictatorship, or Liberty?

It was all about milk, but there was nothing bland about the Commons discussion. Fiery spirits burned for freedom.

What He Wanted

The Minister of Agriculture was determined to see that our milk is clean. Fine. But he was so determined that he tried to sweep the ordinary man's liberties aside and set himself up as judge and jury over milk producers.

He proposed that he should have power to refuse a licence if he thought a dairy farmer would not comply with the regulations.

And What He Got

And that, as a Member pointed out, was like the Minister of War Transport cancelling a driver's licence because he thought he would not keep to the road rules.

Although every man in the House wanted clean milk, many of the Members weren't going to have it at the cost of minor dictatorship. They said so, and the *Hansard* report of their views and of the compromise they pressed on Mr. Hudson is as thrilling, in its way, as any despatch from the front.

Water Supply

Some of the things that the Minister disclosed (things that JOHN BULL has known only too much about) provided an excuse for fanaticism.

There was the case of a farmer whose only water supply was the overflow from a cesspool. That farmer was producing milk for human consumption.

Change of Name

It's really come to the point (as a correspondent argued in the *Times* the other day) when terms like "clean" and "accredited" are ridiculous. "The public," she said, "need a basic food, not a possible poison."

Anyone who has seen children die from milk-borne tuberculosis will not think "poison" too strong a word.

Contrast in Pay

On top of all their other duties, teachers in one area of Scotland have been told to prepare records of children needing dental treatment in readiness for the dentist's visit.

The teachers earn something between £140 and £185 a year. The dentist, who will find everything ready for him when he calls, gets a *retainer* of £250 a year.

Kept In

At a school just outside Glasgow the caretaker has been called up. The teachers have been notified that they must take it in turns to go to the school on two nights a week to supervise the cleaners.

No wonder recruits to the teaching profession are very few and far between in Scotland.

Job To Do

Just now teachers, not only in Scotland, but in country areas everywhere, could do useful work if they had a bit more time. They could persuade parents that the move to advance the school-leaving age must not be hindered.

Unfortunately, many parents, attracted by the high wages young people can earn, are doing everything they can to "get the kids away from school."

Writing—

Things are topsy-turvy enough in war time but even so we don't often hear of writers paying to have their work printed as Mr. Les Preston, of Redcar, proposes.

He says he's going to publish a book with the admirable object of giving lesser known authors their chance. To get this chance they are asked to contribute a guinea for every manuscript they submit.

—For Profit

In return the young authors are promised three copies of the book and 10 per cent. royalties payable each January.

JOHN BULL would like to help budding writers, and we hope to have an opportunity of seeing this book for review purposes.

Good Old Bill

Readers have been very quick to note the achievement of our famous expert on military strategy. Old Bill. Alone among the commentators he was

able to put his finger on the spot where the Allies would land in Normandy.

Ten days before "D-Day" we published this picture of the grand old student of war explaining affairs to a younger soldier. Even the cow looked startled.

Two for One

This baffles us. . . . A Leigh-on-Sea flat-dweller was told by his local fuel overseer that he'd have to get his coal from a merchant a mile away. His old supplier was three miles away, so it sounded common sense.

But within a week or two he noticed his old merchant delivering coal to a neighbour across the corridor in the block of flats. Two suppliers where before there was only one.

Tendency To—

In the dark days this country's small engineers—the men capable of precision work—came to the rescue and helped the Ministry of Production out of some tight bottlenecks. The little workshops did a lot to keep the big factories going.

Now that things are better the Government is showing a tendency to throw the small man over.

—Bad Business

The Ministry of Production hasn't the power to close down a small factory directly; but it's being done indirectly by a form of blackmail.

In certain cases the big customers are told not to give any more orders to So-and-so. And, as their own contracts depend on good relations, they obey. This present trend is not only ungrateful. It's bad business.

Debt-Collecting

We've just heard of a bit of State debt-collecting of a kind that would bring bitter scorn if a civil creditor were responsible.

A retired major of the Indian Army was living with his wife in Jugoslavia before the war. They had a pension which amounted to £17 a month when all the deductions had been made.

"Don't Worry"

In 1941 they were compulsorily evacuated by the British authorities. First to Turkey, then to Palestine and Egypt. "Don't worry about the expense," they were told.

Back in this country the retired officer got a bill from the Foreign Office. It was for £120—a sum he couldn't pay.

£1 of Flesh

He found that Government Departments can work closely together when they want to. The Secretary of State for War brought in the Royal Warrant which allows deductions from pensions to meet public claims.

For the next nine years the officer will have his pension cut by £1 a month so that the Foreign Office can have its pound of flesh.

What's He Doing?

How much furniture can you get into a normal-sized suburban house? You'd be surprised. An advertiser, who we've been keeping our eye on, has been offering furniture for sale almost every week for a year. Suites, carpets, electric cleaners—you can buy them all if you apply to his private address.

Is it possible that he is defying the Board of Trade and running a business without any of the irksome war time restrictions? Or has his house got cellars as big as a tube station?

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Rommel is still suffering from the disease which he contracted in Africa. But reports that he's been relieved of his French Command are untrue.**
- ***French welcome for Allied troops in Normandy has been overplayed. Authorities have been disturbed at way many French peasants had settled down under German rule.***
- **Pilots, back from France, jokingly pay tribute to Allied A.A. fire, say it's much safer over enemy lines.**
- **Conflict between Nazi Party and Wehrmacht about distribution of man-power is deepening. Party insists on retaining men on home front; Army leaders can't see how to meet immediate threats without extra men.**
- ***Speer, Hitler's armament minister, has scrapped long-term production plans, another sign that Nazis know decision may come soon.***
- **Another first-class row is blowing up about cigarettes for the Forces in the Middle East. Even the Arabs fight shy of "V's" in Woodbine disguise.**

He's arrogant — he's dejected

ROBOTS DON'T FIGHT FOR EVER!

IT is too early to pass judgment on the morale of the German forces in France and to prophesy a sudden collapse similar to that which came as a surprise in 1918.

The reports by war correspondents in the first ten days of the invasion about the quality of the German troops are conflicting.

We have read of "arrogant," but also of "dejected" German prisoners—and photographs taken on each side of the Channel fit both descriptions.

Liberated French peasants stated that the Germans have been poorly fed for some time and that they were begging them for additional food; others complained that they were greasing their jackboots with fresh Normandy butter.

We had better wait for less contradictory reports before predicting an early German collapse.

Incidentally, the phrase "German troops" is no longer accurate.

To JOHN BULL readers it was not so much of a surprise as to many other people in Britain when they heard that a fairly large proportion of the forces under von Rundstedt's command were *not* German.

★ ★ ★

On two occasions I revealed that an important part of the German garrisons in France consisted of former Russian prisoners, mainly Ukrainians and Caucasians, recruited by the turncoat General Vlastov, formerly of the Red Army.

But I confess that, when I mentioned this, I did not expect that such mixed elements would be selected by the German High Command for manning the Atlantic Wall.

It has been suggested that these foreign troops were placed by von Rundstedt and Rommel just there because they were to be sacrificed anyway, while the picked German forces were kept in reserve for the second phase of the invasion.

★ ★ ★

This theory makes little sense; what obviously mattered to Hitler was to prevent an Allied landing at any price.

My deduction from the presence of so many Russians, Poles, Czechs and Spaniards among the "German" defenders of Normandy is that Hitler's shortage of men is even worse than we assumed.

But it also appears from all reports that these foreigners—some of whom may have been volunteers, the majority having been pressed into military service for Hitler—do not fight badly.

The lesson to me is that the Prussian military machine is capable of transforming men, irrespective of nationality, tongue and creed, into obedient and efficient robots, obliterating will power and freedom of thought of the individual, making them fight and kill for a cause which is not theirs.

This is true not only of the Vlastov Russians, conscripted Poles and Czechs, anti-Prussian Austrians, but also for many Germans, who may, *at home*, curse Hitler and the Nazi war, but will, in the field, fight and die with fanatical courage.

But robots do not fight for ever. There comes a moment when their overstrained mechanism breaks down.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

MOTHERS AND BABIES

OF all social services none is more important to the community than the care of mothers and their babies.

But our present health services "are not of the class deserved by a great nation, with centuries of accomplishment behind it and a great future before it."

This is the considered opinion of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynæcologists. It is a verdict which pronounces our society guilty of culpable neglect.

JOHN BULL agrees with the specialists. We demand nothing less than the best for British mothers and babies.

We have been fighting on their behalf for many years.

Some six months ago we appealed to the Government and the country to "Save the Babies." In another leading article last May we urged the authorities to "Give Eve a Break."

Now we return to the attack, armed with the Royal College's admirable report on a proposed "National Maternity Service."

This proposal—we believe for the first time—recognises the need for planning on a nation-wide scale and insists on a separate and specialised maternity service.

A single fact makes this need plain:

"There were in 1937 (and the figure is much the same now) no less than 412 maternal and child welfare authorities in England and Wales. . . . All may be said to be sovereign and independent states without any form of union. . . . A small authority cannot provide, and could not make use of, a complete service for itself."

But we *must* have a complete service to reduce the risk of child-bearing to the minimum, to make sure that in all normal cases mothers will be just as healthy after confinement as they were before it; and to assure the new-born of a healthy start in life.

It is a highly skilled job to bring babies safely into the world, and there are general practitioners who do the job magnificently.

But there are also many whose skill does not match their good intentions. And there are all sorts of complications which may occur and which call for immediate and expert attention.

The College therefore proposes that the whole country should be divided into maternity areas of a size capable of giving a *complete* service—areas, that is, where an average of 15,000 births a year is to be expected.

As far as possible, each area should contain a university medical school and a primary maternity centre having not fewer than 100 lying-in beds with at least thirty ante-natal beds.

THESE "key centres" would operate ante-natal and other clinics, departments for the special care of babies during the first few weeks of their life, laboratories for research work, and specialist teaching classes.

Of course, most confinements would be looked after by divisional maternity centres, having enough doctors and midwives to deal satisfactorily with all normal cases.

But the aim of this nation-wide scheme—which the Government would have to sponsor as a part of its general national health service—would be to assure every expectant mother of the best and most specialised attention she might be likely to need.

We cannot here summarise all the arguments and conclusions which the College has presented in this important appeal to the State.

But we agree entirely with its view that a national maternity service on the lines suggested could not fail to effect the following improvements:

(1) It would further reduce the number of deaths in childbirth.

(2) It would give any expectant mother access to the best advice and the most skilled help in the land.

(3) It would result not only in the saving of many women's lives each year, but also safeguard their health after their babies are born.

This is highly important, for untold suffering results from the needless post-natal troubles to which so many women, particularly the very poor, are prone. Besides, the natural fear of childbirth would be greatly lessened if women felt certain that it never need be thought of as "an illness" in itself.

And (4) fewer babies would be born dead and fewer would die during the first month of life.

JOHN BULL has never ignored the economic factors of the problem. As we have said, "The poor man's baby still has the dice loaded against it in the battle for life and health."

Nor does the Royal College shirk this appalling fact.

"We would like to stress one point," it says—"namely, that the expectant and nursing mother must have protection from undue stress, both physical and mental, during pregnancy and six months after parturition."

Accordingly, it recommends that expectant mothers should be freed from all outside responsibilities for three months before they are confined and for six months after their babies are born—"these precautions to be minimal!"

Remember that these are experts speaking; trained men who are not considering ways and means, but only ends; men whose sole object is to conserve "our greatest national asset."

We could not agree with them more wholeheartedly. Just after the recent debate in the House on this very subject we said: "It is a disgrace to the country that any woman should be required to work either too long before or too soon after the birth of her baby."

Again, there is a crying need for family allowances and an urgent case for lowering the high cost of parenthood in every way.

Fortunately, the trend of public thought and present legislation is definitely to protect the family and safeguard the children.

And, in their broad lines, we have already welcomed the Government's national health proposals because they are designed to promote these ends.

NEVERTHELESS, we cannot afford to waste time where our women and children are concerned. It is urgent to increase the number of trained doctors and qualified midwives; it is important to raise the status and hasten the enrolment of *qualified* home helps; and it is important to open more day nurseries and nursery schools.

We live in an age which makes national planning more and more essential to our welfare as a community.

Surely there can be no national plan of more vital importance to our future well-being than one to save motherhood from the dangers of a "dangerous occupation."

Secrets of West Wall Breakers

IT is now possible to reveal some startling facts and stories that played a major part in the successful landing of Allied Forces in Normandy.

By far the most important man to General Eisenhower and the other Service chiefs was Sir Nelson King Johnson. To the ordinary people in the street he is an "unknown."

As Director of Meteorology at the Air Ministry, this fifty-two-year-old ex-flier was responsible for forecasting the weather likely to be met over the area where the Allied Commander planned to land his troops.

With the assistance of his small army of "Back-Room Boys," Sir Nelson successfully forecast the weather for all previous combined operations. His word, so far as the Generals were concerned, was law.

The Invasion of Europe commenced. And Sir Nelson King Johnson, the man who took up weather forecasting because he saw so many of his fellow-pilots killed as a result of bad weather in World War 1, heaved a sigh of relief.

★ ★ ★

His forecast was accurate in every way. . . .

Before the opening of the Second Front, British fighters, equipped with rockets, took a terrific toll of enemy Radar Stations, defence posts, railway engines, rolling-stock, signal-boxes, canal locks, and gun batteries.

They created havoc miles behind the German soldiery crouched behind the West Wall—yet few knew that a fair-haired, thirty-eight-year-old pilot was responsible for the appearance at such a moment of this mighty new air weapon.

In 1941 research work commenced upon rocket 'planes, and in 1942, Group Captain John D'Arcy Baker-Carr was given command of the special branch developed for the purpose of improving the rocket-firing machines.

It was dangerous work. One pilot was killed when his machine exploded, but Group-Captain Baker-Carr remained unruffled and supremely confident in the new aerial weapon.

★ ★ ★

One afternoon he took up a fighter fitted with rockets and dived towards his test target—a railway engine—and had the satisfaction of seeing all but one of his five rocket shells smash into the locomotive!

After this, production of rocket-firing fighters began, and they put in their appearance a short time before "D-Day." They have performed, and are still performing, magnificent work in support of our ground forces.

Doubtless many of the targets they destroyed resulted from helpful Frenchmen who escaped to Britain from towns and villages nestling snugly behind the "West Wall"—and from our own raiding parties.

We were accordingly able to make plans for dealing with this defence line, and every unit of the Allied forces, before landing in Europe, carefully studied a model of the beach they were to assault.

Among those who brought information to Britain was a German sergeant, and the details of this unusual venture reads like an incident from an Alfred Hitchcock film.

One dark night last summer a group of French fishermen were chatting about the good old days, when they used to fish in the Channel, sometimes dropping into ports such as Ramsgate for a night out. Then, without warning, they were brought back to reality

A German sergeant, revolver in hand, confronted them. At once the Frenchmen began to ask themselves if they had committed a crime.

Their questions were answered when the German ordered them to take him aboard their boat—to England!

The fishermen, when they had recovered from the shock, protested that their disappearance would result in their families suffering hardship; perhaps, death. Their ration cards would be taken from them; their property, in all probability, confiscated.

But the revolver gave them no alternative.

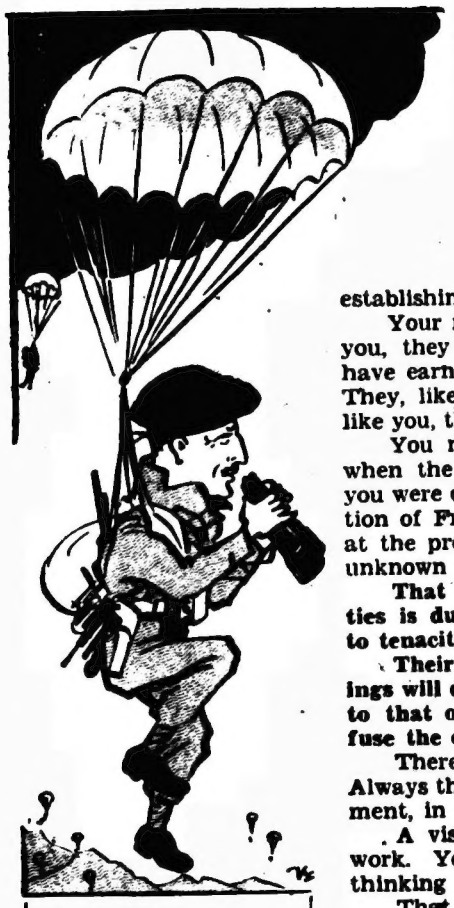
Just what this unusual German sergeant told our Intelligence, the German High Command would give a fortune to know. It is enough to know, however, that his information played a big part in the saving of Allied lives.

★ ★ ★

Behind the great drive by our armies of liberation are scores of unknown men who are responsible for secret weapons and novel methods which have caught the enemy unawares.

To them, as much as to the fellows who fire the guns, drop the bombs, and keep the armies on the move, Britain should say: "Thanks a lot!"

JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON.



He and his men have thrilled the world

General "Boy" BROWNING,

O.C., British Airborne Troops

DEAR GENERAL,—"The day will surely come when Airborne Divisions will control the world."

Since you uttered those prophetic words D-Day has dawned, and your skymen, while not yet controlling the world, have held the world in thrall with the splendour of their rôle in establishing the beachheads in Normandy.

Your men are the cream of British fighters. Like you, they are young. (Being only forty-seven, you have earned yourself the title of "the boy General.") They, like your staff officers, are hand-picked. And, like you, they are ready to take on any hazard.

You must have been a proud and anxious man when the great glider fleets set out—proud because you were directing the first air-land move in the liberation of France, anxious because you could only guess at the problems and difficulties when they dared the unknown in the darkness.

That they overcame those problems and difficulties is due as much to training and organisation as to tenacity and toughness.

Their work has only begun. Other airborne landings will disrupt Nazi strategy. More surprises, similar to that of the glider tank-carrier, will no doubt confuse the enemy.

There is nothing static about your branch of war. Always there are developments, improvements in equipment, in strategy, in tactics.

A visionary mind is necessary for this dramatic work. You are not lacking in vision. To-day you are thinking ahead, planning ahead as far as 1948.

That doesn't mean you are planning for war until 1948. But it does mean that airborne troops will probably play the leading part in ensuring peace, just as they are playing a vital rôle in winning it.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander Sir ERIC HODSOLL,

Inspector-General, Civil Defence

DEAR "WINGCO,"—I don't know what ideas, official or otherwise, are behind your belief that the A.R.P. organisation will be kept in being after the war.

You think it might be continued on the lines of the old Territorial Army, so many hours' training during the year.

No one will object to A.R.P. continuing so long as it is on a voluntary basis. But people, reading your statement, will ask why it should continue at all.

Either we, the United Nations, implement our pledge to make future war impossible, in which case A.R.P. training would be farcical, or already we are dubious about our ability to keep such a pledge.

In any case, the present unwieldy, complex A.R.P. machine, with its bureaucratically inspired control, should be scrapped as soon as the war ends.

And there will be no regrets except from the bureaucrats.—JOHN BULL.

Viscount BUCKMASTER,

Cleveland-square, London, W.2

MY LORD,—When in a debate in the Upper House you declared that, while a caned council school child went whining to his mother or the magistrate, a flogged public school child did not say a word, I wondered by what providential grace the ability to take punishment was withheld from one section of the nation and freely granted to another.

In the meantime you have seen fit to announce that you never meant to suggest that the elementary school child had less courage than his public school brother.

I'm glad you have made this *amende honorable*. Comparisons are especially odious at a time when boys from both sorts of schools are proving, to Hitler's discomfort, that courage is not confined to any one class—hateful word—in Britain.

It is as widespread as the British race; and it is the master-trump in the game of war.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. G. NEEDHAM,

Vicar of Conisborough, Yorkshire

REVEREND SIR,—If I had been among your congregation when you referred recently to the opening of the Second Front I should have been tempted to emulate Jenny Geddes, who, more than 300 years ago, threw her history-making stool at the head of Laud's bishop in St. Giles's, Edinburgh.

"Sober reflection," you said, "suggests that it would be kinder if some of these lads did not return. What is there to come back to? Broken homes, children disgraced, and wives debauched. . . . What sort of a land are they returning to? Girls from sixteen years of age onwards drunk and sex-mad."

After this cheap sensationalism you had the grace to add that not all the girls were like that. Then why use your pulpit to draw an extravagant and unjustified picture of the womenfolk of Britain?

What, I wonder, will the man fighting with the armies of liberation think of your outburst? What poisonous imaginations will sear his mind as he dwells on the possible inconstancy or infidelity of the sweetheart or wife he has left behind him?

Perhaps such venom will not affect him. Perhaps he will have enough sense, as I have, to dismiss your stupid generalisation for what it is worth—the ill-founded suspicions of a clergyman who is out of touch with the millions of steadfast, clear-eyed, conscience-free women who work and endure and wait for their fighting men to come home.

One last reminder—no nation could have survived, as we have survived, the past four years if its women were as black as you paint them.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Most Rev. Dr. CYRIL GARBETT,

Archbishop of York.

DEAR DR. GARBETT,—Conscientiously in the past I have abstained from taking part in any religious controversy.

I hold that religion is a matter for the individual and not a peg for acrimonious argument.

Some people have interpreted the recent divergence of views on the Pope's coupling together of those who started the war with those who prolong it, and his suggestion of a negotiated peace, as a religious one.

I cannot agree. The Pope in his Vatican is more than the head of the Roman Catholic Church; he is a diplomat with all a diplomat's anxiety and care.

As a neutral diplomat the Pope, by international convention, may stand aside in this war. As the spiritual head of a great creed he cannot justifiably adopt a passive rôle.

For that reason I am glad you have expressed the conviction that we as a nation cannot see eye to eye with His Holiness.

This is a fight against evil, against despotism, against persecution.

It is a crusade directed to the task of breaking completely the most inhuman and most terrible domination ever inflicted on innocent peoples.

The Pope knows the appalling record of Nazi tyranny, knows the black despair which has engulfed whole nations. And he knows that decency cannot compromise with foulness.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR WHITTEN-BROWN,

Belgrave Court, Uplands, Swansea

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—The air is almost limitless; there is enough of it to accommodate in safety as many 'planes as man is likely to build.

Yet the mutterings of wrangles to come in the councils of the nations may already be heard.

There is no need for this factiousness. And I share your hope that the freedom of the air may come through peaceful agreement. And I agree with you that we must have that freedom.

The grabbers, the men ever ready to exploit any commercial proposition, will be clutching greedily at whatever concessions they can get. There will be intense rivalry, both national and international, to the detriment of safe progress, unless the whole question of the future of the air is thrashed out in a friendly way.

Britain worked for many years to ensure the freedom of the seas and to make the seas safe for all law-abiding ships that sailed.

To-day she is fighting for the ultimate freedom. When that is assured we must work for the continued freedom of the world to trade, to sail, to fly in well-ordered security.—JOHN BULL.

OUR ENGLISH WAY'S THE BEST WAY

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

THE more I see of that strange people the English—and I shall anticipate protests from beyond the Tweed by stressing that I am referring to the English and not the British—the more I am convinced that they are the most enigmatic, the most puzzling, the most incalculable race in the world.

When the assault on the Normandy coast was announced and the nation knew that Deliverance Day had dawned, there was none of the hysteria and excitement that one might have expected after the long years of dark and patient waiting.

The English retreated that day ever further into their shells of reserve. In my home town the shops were almost deserted, the queues non-existent. The 'buses, usually full to overflowing, were half-empty.

There was an air of sombre quiet about the scene—almost a brooding, a morbid withdrawal into secret mysteries. Yet, in fact, there was none of these things.

The English, realising the crucial nature of things, appreciating that on those French beaches was being fought the greatest of all critical battles, had gone home soberly, quietly, either to pray or just to wait.

If the rôles of nations had been reversed, if, by some fantastic mischance of fortune, French troops of liberation had landed on the occupied coast of England, I think June 6, 1944, would have been a gala day in Paris.

The Boulevards and the Faubourgs would have been alive with chattering, animated, gesticulating men and women. The French capital would have been *en fête*.

The Germans in the rôle of liberators—forgive me this flight of unthinkable fancy—would have been stolid and yet vainglorious. They would stamp the whole operation as one solely staged to show how the world's future rested on one race, the master race.

The Italians? Well, that's beyond me.

New York was much more worked up about the landing than we were. But New York is a young city, not accustomed to the years between those grey, flat, industrious years when the half-lights weary and the half-shadows crawl, and when only the defiant fires of hope and resolve keep the heart of man alive with life.

This distantness of the English is part of the phlegmatic build-up which cleverly presented to the lesser nations has deluded them into the belief that the English have neither fervour nor imagination. The façade persists. And the English gladly suffer the taunts and criticisms of more ebullient people.

But the English survive. They survive to endure a Dunkirk; and present to the world a picture of unity and unbreakable faith in themselves. They survive through the weary years. And they survive with equal fortitude the opening of *the* battle for all mankind.

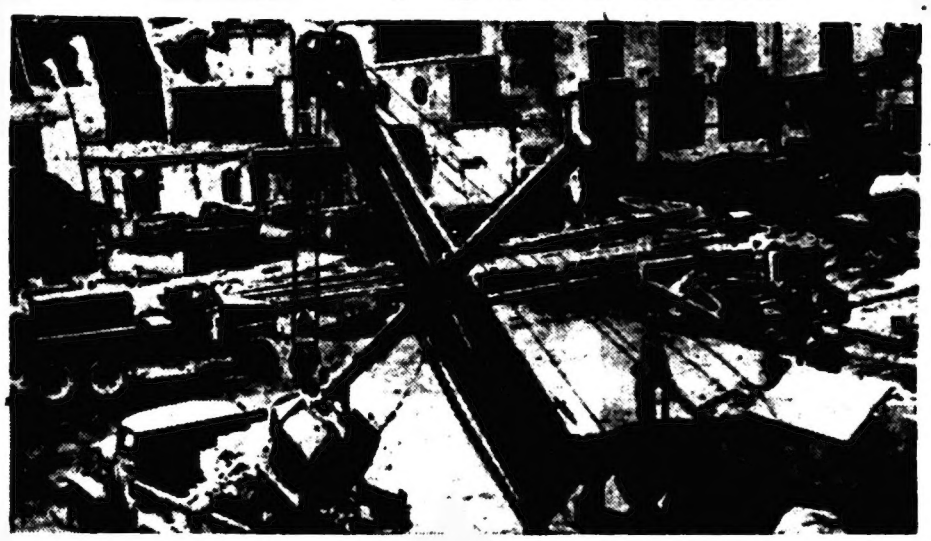
The English made that battle possible. They don't say so; they don't brag about it. I doubt whether one in a hundred even thinks about it.

That is the English way—a good way, the best way, I believe, in this world which knows many ways of life.

God grant the English stay that way.

★ It's a young man's war, no doubt: But success in the invasion of Europe will owe much to a gang of middle-aged, weather-beaten Americans, whose work is described in this article—reproduced from "Yank," the U.S. Army weekly—by Sgt. WALTER PETERS

After Invasion—the Veterans



An army of American engineers took only 30 days to restore Naples harbour

THIS British coastal town was a quiet little community at one time. Whatever noise there was came from the splash of the waves against the sea walls, or the whistling of children as they romped down the street on bicycles, or the chatter of housewives as they gathered at the town market.

Then one morning, while the people were having their breakfasts, they heard a loud, rumbling noise coming from the one main street in the town.

Doors popped open and the startled people looked out, half expecting to find an invasion army. In effect, it was an invasion army. It was an army of American engineers—the Port Construction and Repair Groups.

But instead of rolling in with heavy guns and tanks, they came with six-ton prime movers, 60-ton cranes, bulldozers, dump trucks and heavy trailers that were loaded with a miscellaneous collection of bulky construction machinery.

Mass of Rubble

To-day the town looks like a U.S. army camp, except for the townspeople and their uniformly painted houses.

Almost every empty field and lot is full of army lumber, steel hardware, heavy construction equipment, jeeps, dump trucks and other equipment painted OD.

"When you come right down to it," says a local publican, "it is as if the whole town moved into America."

The men in the Group like to point to Naples.

On October 1, 1943, when the Allies captured Naples they found that the Germans had left the harbour an ugly mass of rubble. All the highways and rail tracks leading to the docks were demolished.

The sea walls supporting the quays and the piers had been demolished; and it was estimated that 32 large ships and between 300 to 400 smaller vessels, including pleasure craft, fishing boats and barges, were either sunk or scuttled. To top it off, the enemy had fired the huge coal piles in the harbour with incendiaries.

Cranes began lifting the débris out of the harbour. Divers went down below with cutting equipment or dynamite either to cut or blow up that which the cranes couldn't lift. In some cases where sunken ships couldn't be removed the men built their steel piers right over them.

While the crane operators and divers cleared the harbour waters, other men cleaned up the roads in the harbour area with bulldozers and dump trucks. And within 30 days there were more ships unloading in Naples than at any other time in the history of the harbour.

Francisco from Texas

As you go from job to job to find out how the various men got into the outfit the answer is usually the same. Most of them are volunteers; only a few were in the army when the Group was formed.

"I was a general superintendent for a contracting company in El Paso, Texas, when a recruiting officer came to me," says M/Sgt. Charles Francisco. "He said the army needed men with heavy construction experience. So I signed up."

Francisco is no chicken. He's 37 and has seven kids, which is a pretty big family even for a man earning $750 a month. He's now doing a similar job for a master sergeant's pay.

Francisco's case is no exception. In fact, it's almost the rule. Practically every man in the Group was fairly safe from the draft because of age or family reasons. They all had good paying jobs in the construction line when the recruiting officers collared them.

Originally, the men were promised only a private's rating. But somebody in Washington figured that an outfit with so many aristocrats of labour should have some rank. So there was little room left for privates.

Many of the men were veterans of the last war, and some have kids in this one. Nevertheless, they've received the same basic infantry training as the younger men. Every man in the Group is a rifle marksman, many are sharpshooters, and a few are experts.

Some have travelled all over the world, like 30-year-old T/Sgt. Victor Berge, the non-com in charge of the divers.

Berge's Swedish father broke him into the pearl-diving business in India when he was ten. "I've been in the racket ever since," Berge says. And the racket, as he calls it, has taken him everywhere—Australia, India, New Guinea, the West Indies, South Sea Islands, the States from coast to coast.

Although the Group has made a bedlam of this relatively peaceful English town, the people have developed a great fondness for the men. At first, some of the men made friends with the children by sharing their candy rations with them. Then the parents began to issue invitations for Sunday dinner or tea.

"Our men were invited out so much," says Col. James B. Cress, the C.O. of the Group, "that they felt ashamed to accept, knowing what the family rationing situation here is. We fixed that up, though, by providing every man with sufficient rations whenever he went visiting."

Some of the men have developed many close friends among the villagers. As you walk through the town now you frequently see a middle-aged sergeant with a weather-beaten face strolling down the street with a youngster hanging on each arm. He seems to be as proud of them as if they were his own.

Tried Everything

On the job the men are as informal as they ever were in civilian life. You seldom hear a sergeant referred to by rank. It's either Mac, Joe, Bubs, or Lemon Eye. Lemon Eye, for instance, is 47-year-old T/Sgt. Edward J. Murphy, who used to make £32 a week operating a crane at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Murphy is a veteran of the last war, has two sons in this one; one in the army, the other in the navy

Many of the men tried to enlist shortly after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour—like M/Sgt. Felix McDonald, the 52-year-old demolition chief.

"The Young Chicken," as some of the men call him, tried to get into the army, marines, and Sea Bees, and was rejected by all three. One reason, age; the other, he was marked up as disabled because of a wound received in the right leg at Meuse-Argonne in the last war.

One day he heard about the formation of the Port Construction and Repair Group. After finding the recruiting officer, he talked him into writing the War Department to waive his age and disability.

"And if the War Department wouldn't have acted, I'd have had a one-man march on Washington," McDonald says. "Dammit, this is a young man's war—and I'm as young and fit as the next one."

Two Women, an Air-Crew, and a Dog

★ Next week the W.A.A.F. will celebrate its fifth birthday. And here, told to OLIVE OLIVIER by a W.A.A.F. INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, is one of the most dramatic (and charming) stories of the war.

I SHALL never forget the night of an air crew's terrific battle to reach base, when the wife of the navigator happened to be my sergeant watch-keeper in our interrogation-room.

I saw her take the fateful messages over the telephone from Group Operations Room, who were in long-range with her husband's aircraft.

Yet she showed no outward sign of anxiety. Nor did I let her see that my hopes for her made it an anxious time for me.

At fifteen minutes past three the first message comes through:

"Aircraft in distress over North Sea. Flying on one engine. May be one of ours."

Our course is from a big German port, smarting under one of Bomber Command's biggest attacks.

★ ★ ★

I plot the aircraft's course in case it is one from our station, and the doubt is ended a few minutes later by the second message:

"Aircraft identified as D—Donald. Wounded aboard. Trying to make land."

The watch-keeper repeats the words to me in a routine voice. Hadn't I known it, I'd never have guessed her husband was in D—Donald.

Then: "Aircraft losing height. Down to 50 ft."

Silence . . . a long, long silence it seems.

I stroke the station's dog, Nickie Mark II. He seems to know when crews are coming back; seems to hear them when they are quite a way off the station. A little rough-coated fox terrier, he's the spoilt darling of the crews.

Usually about twenty minutes before they arrive for interrogation he trots over to the door and listens as if expecting them to step in.

★ ★ ★

I'm wondering whether it's just habit or something more that makes him watch that door, when the 'phone goes again, and to our relief we hear, "Engines picked up. Hope to make land."

We hear that the fighter escort has gone out to make contact.

Finally the messages: "About three miles from land. Running short petrol," then, "Ditching!"

Within ten minutes Air Sea Rescue has picked up four of the crew.

As soon as they land him the pilot telephones: "We're all O.K.; but two are injured. I ordered the rear gunner to bale out. May we come back to base?"

We wait for an hour before Nickie Mark II goes to the door.

A little later the pilot, a tall, rather reserved boy; the rear gunner and the navigator walk in.

"I bet you were anxious about me," the navigator says to his wife.

"Anxious? Oh, no," she laughs, "I knew you'd be back before the pubs open!"

She produces mugs of tea and cocoa, and sandwiches, which a W.A.A.F. clerk has prepared behind a hatch at the end of the room. And the three men relax and refresh themselves, throwing a titbit or two to the dog, as we settle down to the interrogation.

First, the routine questions about weather, route to target, flak, fighter opposition, searchlights, success of attack, comparison with previous attack, were any aircraft seen destroyed over target?

Then questions about the particular attack on this machine.

What type of aircraft was it? At what height and range did it attack? Did you fire? Who fired first? How long was your burst? Was it a deflection (from an angle) shot? What evasive action did you take? Did you damage or destroy the enemy?

★ ★ ★

Those I interrogated that night from D—Donald had obviously had a bad shaking despite their high spirits. Yet the pilot's last words on leaving us at five that morning were, "Sorry we've kept you up so late."

Officially I'm twenty-four hours on and twenty-four off. But when raids go on night after night it can't always work out like that. It's then I feel a little ashamed if I wish myself a raidless night.

And when it isn't I console myself with the sight of Nickie Mark II cocking his knowing ears at that door. As it means—another of the crews is safely home.

France—A Quick Solution

French volunteers sort Allied life-saving gear dumped on the beaches

By A. G. GARDINER

NOW the war has gone full circle. It was the fall of France that preluded the fall of Europe. It is the deliverance of France, now magnificently begun, that preludes the deliverance of Europe.

All that has happened in the interval—the Battle of Britain, the heroic defence of Moscow, Alamein, Tunis, Rome—have been stages in the journey back to the soil of France.

Now that that journey is accomplished, let us pay tribute to the far-sighted vision and indomitable purpose that have brought this great thing to pass.

In all the history of war there has been no parallel in scale or grandeur of conception to the strategy of which this country, under the leadership of superlative genius, has been the stimulus and inspiration.

With no less pride and with even greater certainty we can say to-day with Pitt that "England has saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example."

I say "with greater certainty" because ten years elapsed between Pitt's speech at the Guildhall and the fall of Napoleon, and we know that no such interval separates us from the fall of Hitler.

* * *

What the length of the interval will be depends much upon the speed with which France can be brought once more into effective partnership with the Grand Alliance.

Of all the countries which have been devastated by Germany none, except Russia, can hasten victory so much as a liberated France. Her fall was the most grievous tragedy of the war: her revival will be the most inspiring fruit.

For a Europe without France in its vanguard would be a Europe robbed of its vision and its spiritual greatness.

Thrice in a single lifetime she has been ravaged and desolated by the enemy whose jackboot is on her neck to-day. Twice she has risen from the dust with recovered power.

And she will rise again. If she has fallen this time into a deeper abyss than ever before, it is not because the passion of liberty, with which in the past she has vitalised Europe, is dead. It is because she has been betrayed within.

Nowhere did Hitler's traffic in treason reap a richer harvest than in France. Treachery was at work there long before the war started, and it may be said that her doom was sealed ere a shot was fired.

I have no wish here to extenuate our own share in the pre-war policy of "appeasement." But it is fair to remember that one clue to that policy was the knowledge in high places here that French politics and commerce were rotten with corruption.

The arts and crafts which Ribbentrop practised in London without success had sown the seeds of defeatism in France. And from that sowing came military disaster and the monstrous treachery of the men of Vichy.

* * *

That treachery has become baser with every phase of the war. Under the senile defeatism of Pétain it represented a policy of despair.

But under Laval it showed its teeth, and under the trinity of quislings who now have France under the harrow—Déat, Darnand and Henriot—it has touched a depth of infamy for which there are no words.

These desperadoes, knowing that their only chance of saving their necks from the rope lies in the victory of Germany, have sold the great French nation to its enemy, lock, stock and barrel, like a bundle of merchandise.

Open war is declared on the manhood of France. They are being rounded up like cattle, and driven off to slavery in Hitler's factories.

All French industry is hitched to Hitler's war machine. French currency is debased by the infliction of monstrous indemnities on the nation.

From the starving people the French harvests are taken to feed their German masters. The loss of the wheat of the Ukraine is visited upon the peasants of Picardy. For, as Goering said long ago, whoever starves in Europe it must not be the Germans. And the criminal Darnand has undertaken to hand over 800,000 tons of wheat by August this year, in addition to 200,000 tons of meat and 400,000 tons of potatoes.

There is a double motive in this pillage. It not only feeds the Germans. It puts the screw of starvation on the French. By turning that screw, Darnand hopes to weaken the power of resistance, and to throw on the Allies the additional burden of feeding the starving millions they liberate.

This is in accord with Hitler's devilish policy of leaving famine behind him wherever he retreats.

* * *

All this adds to the urgency of speed in the deliverance of France and in the overthrow of the foul gang that reigns at Vichy. It emphasises also the necessity of clearing the decks of obstructions.

I will say nothing here as to the merits of the difference that has arisen in the relations between General de Gaulle and the Allies. There is a case on both sides.

But there is no case on either side that should count for a moment in this great emergency. France has only one enemy—Hitler and his tools at Vichy. We have only one enemy—the same.

Nothing that interferes with the fullest

How the Enemy is "Shot" by

YOU'RE in the cinema, let's say, and watching a newsreel or a documentary film about the war.

Suddenly there bursts upon you a sequence showing Nazi generals in consultation, or Hitler talking to Rommel, or German soldiers leading an attack. And you instantly think: "How in the world did they get those pictures?"

When a bit of enemy film is captured either at sea or in the field, the newsreel companies don't get hold of it at once. It is studied very carefully by official eyes.

* * *

Perhaps it will be seen first of all by Brigade or Divisional Intelligence who pass it to the Army Film Unit and they in turn will convey it to the War Office. Generally, of course, the Germans can be trusted not to reveal any vital points or new types of weapons in the course of their own film-making; but diligent study is always advisable.

After War Office "Intelligence" have viewed it, the film is sent to the M.O.I. where, providing it is considered likely to interest the public, it is put on the stocks for distribution and henceforth becomes available to all newsreel and film producing concerns.

Enemy film is discovered in various ways. Any ordinary soldier, picking up 4,000 ft. of abandoned film, might not even know what it was.

The first time we captured Benghazi, some German film was picked up in a mobile cinema, and later, during Montgomery's advance, some more was found in a deserted theatre in Matruh.

In the Sicilian campaign, a small detachment of Army Film Unit sergeants made cinemas their special targets and, breaking into every one they saw, succeeded in carrying off a film depicting the Dieppe raid—Nazi version!

Furthermore, when enemy ships are seized, there is always a good chance of picking up German propaganda films intended for export to neutral countries.

Captured stuff like this can often be used as an excellent propaganda boomerang. In these days of sound recording and motion photography, a wise belligerent makes the best possible use of the spoken word or the screened event which can be recorded permanently.

Just as the B.B.C. throws back at Germany the voice of Hitler screaming: "We shall take Stalingrad—you may be sure of that!" so does th reel section convert ene own purposes. Take t "Invincible." The first ture was found in Algie

It originally had a Fren and consists of a bomb Nazi arms. Hitler congr mel in his Berlin h German armies prep assault on Egypt, timed the drive against Stalin Nazi day-dreams presen to a cunning mixture Russian newsreel materi

Even the B.B.C. may capture of newsreel. In recorded effects they hav Stuka dive-bombers in a taken from the sound tra film, seized in mid-ocean the Admiralty to the B.B

When it is found, a re is often in poor condition

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Technicians of the A give it careful restorativ another big snag is tha "positive" print and ca cated by first taking a then reproducing from t

Needed

co-operation in destroying that common enemy should be tolerated.

So far as France is concerned, we have but one object. It is that she shall be delivered from the tyranny and treachery that have brought her to ruin.

When she is free she must be left to decide her own forms of government. That right must be secured to her by the Allies, so that in the interval, when she has no constitutional government, there shall be no danger of a military *coup* which would deprive her of the right.

* * *

Nothing that we do in this final crisis of the war must cast a shadow of distrust over our relations with France. She has suffered a shattering blow to her legitimate pride no less than to her material well-being.

But her glory is not departed. Cleansed of her traitors within, and delivered from the tyrant without, the greatness of her spirit will revive, and, from her past, we know her power of material recovery.

In the establishment of the new Europe and the new World Order her gay, humane and enlightened genius will have a great part to play.

If we first taught the world the forms of liberty, it was she who first inspired it with the passion of liberty. The great song that embodies that passion has been hushed in France for four sombre and terrible years.

But it is hushed no longer. The walls of her prison are breached, and her liberation is at hand.

FROM END TO END OF FRANCE THE GREAT SONG WILL RING OUT AGAIN WITH A FERVOUR THAT HAS NOT BEEN EQUALLED SINCE THE MEN OF MARSEILLES MARCHED TO PARIS SINGING IT A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO.

NOW ANOTHER MARCH TO PARIS HAS BEGUN. LET US GO FORWARD TOGETHER. WHEN PARIS IS WON BERLIN'S DAYS WILL BE NUMBERED.

by Himself

M.O.I. news- film to our M.O.I. film rt of this pic- commentary ic display of ulating Rom- ellory. The for the coincide with d. But these give place British and ofit from the eir library of he scream of on; this was of a German d loaned by f enemy film y Film Unit reatment, for he film is a nly be dupli- gative" and . Naturally, in undergoing these processes, it loses much of its original lustre and clear definition.

★ ★ ★

Down in the vaults of the M.O.I. are copies of all enemy newsreels captured in this war; these are docketed and indexed, and any newsreel company or film producer has access to what are called the "dope sheets" which give brief synopses of the sequences and help the producer to find just the type of shot he may be seeking.

Remember that enemy stuff finds its way not only into newsreels and documentaries like "The Battle of Britain," "Tunisian Victory," "The Nazis Strike" and "Divide and Conquer," but also into fictional pictures with a topical flavour.

The Germans have an Army Film Unit that functions roughly on the lines of our own. Its original commanding officer with the Africa Korps is now a prisoner of war in British hands. He was a film producer who had worked in the studios over here before the war.

Two and a half years in the desert and several bouts of illness had proved too much for him. He gave himself up during the German retreat from Benghazi.

Battle Cunning Against A Hill of Fire

Battle-wise snipers take cover behind a tank destroyer

A Guards Company Sergeant-Major talks to JOHN CASHEL

SOME battle cunning you learn from your comrades, some from the enemy, some just comes to you when your wits are sharpest in an it's-him-or-me corner of a beach-head.

Let me thread one or two examples of it into a story I'll tell you of the Hill of Fire.

I am a Guards company sergeant-major, and in all my fiery journey through war since being on top of "Hell-Fire" Pass with Wavell in July, 1940, I've never known anything quite like that hill.

It's no ordinary hill, but a key hill in which Jerry is dug in and is holding up our advance from the beaches.

"On no account will this company retire to the beach," our commander tells us. "We fight it out to the last man, the last round."

He's Well Armed!

Those words make you wonder quietly to yourself for a bit—till the barrage starts up. Then you cease to wonder, begin to get mad as the whole earth seems to blow up around you. First from our guns, then from Jerry's answering back.

12.45 hours it is—zero hour . . . and we're stalking forward with our bayonets and three grenades each. All of us so cunningly camouflaged that we're within fifty yards of the bottom of that hill before the surprised Jerries see us.

They're in pillboxes made of tree-trunks cleverly disguised and rising about 2 ft. above the ground.

They've barely time to get their Spandaus going, as we charge now they've seen us; which is lucky for us, as those light machine-guns of theirs, something like our Brens, are very fast—about 1,100 rounds a minute!

We swarm like hounds over and round Jerry's pillboxes for the kill and capture, lobbing a grenade into the manhole at the back of each.

I'm screaming and shouting whatever comes into my head.

We winkle his living out of the holes; grab his Spandaus for a bit of cunning, firing them anywhere except into ourselves to bluff him we're some of his chaps as we charge on.

Now I'm going up the hill, thankful it's well wooded with small bushy trees affording us some protection. Grenades on sticks are coming at us every few paces from slit trenches and more pillboxes. Mortar bombs pelt down, too.

Then I see his nearest chaps start running like mad, hurling as they do so small flame-throwers—incendiaries on sticks—into the dry grass and trees.

So that's the little game. Setting the hill on fire and burning us "all alivo!" We've done that, too; but playing with fire's a risky business if you aren't sure of the wind.

We drag our wounded away, or they'd be burned to death. His he leaves to their fate, which is a cruel one, as the fitful wind sweeps the flames in their direction.

Their grenades and ammunition go off as the blaze licks round them. Some just manage to sling theirs away in time. Other of his chaps have their retreat cut off as a wall of fire sweeps behind them.

Heat shrivels up my camouflage.

We see the winds driving the red to our left; charge on to the right into cover, breathe again as his mortar bursts recede behind us. Ah, we're foxing him now.

We're at the top! Ten yards from him before he sees us . . . there's the cunning of concealment for you . . . and he's still firing his mortars at where he thinks we were caught in his fire!

We mop him up while he's still dumb with astonishment. Then hold that beach-head hill for twelve hours, beating off two counter-attacks before relieved

Once I'd finished using my bayonet and grenades my first thought was for the remainder of our wounded in that blazing hell.

I got sixty of them collected in the bed of a dried-up stream for the stretcher-bearers. But, though Jerry usually fights fair, one sniper with his Spandau behind a bedroom window of a white cottage wouldn't leave them alone.

I sent two chaps to keep him at that window while I had a chance to stalk into the back door. A moment later I'd my foot on the first stair and my pistol covering the top of the stairway just when, a little curious, he stepped in the way, and my trigger clicked, and he fell dead.

No time to give him any grace. Another second and it would have been me, not him. Besides, hadn't he fired on our wounded?

I remember another Jerry lapsing from fair fighting. With a lot more he'd surrendered, but concealed in a held-up hand a grenade with which he blew to bits one of our sergeants as he stepped off a carrier to receive the prisoners.

The carrier's Bren-gunner poured bullets into that rat, killing him and unavoidably some others.

Grenades Win

In this in-fighting it's surprise and cunning that wins every time. With Jerry preferring his tommy-gun or Spandau, you've to be quick to get your bayonet in.

That's where your grenade helps; specially if it's a Mills "pine-apple," which is better than anything he's got.

You lob it in from within twenty-five yards and go in with your bayonet behind the explosion. Get your grenade in first, which usually means clever concealment, and you win.

Talking of concealment, I remember a German officer stumbling into our position. "I've lost my company," he tells me in good English. "We've been on the other side of the hill for two days; but I didn't know you were here"!

Battle cunning helps your nerve, and you need plenty of that when Jerry gets in first with his tanks on a beach-head, as he's the better chance of doing.

I've seen that Tiger or Mark IV coming at me, yes at ME—or that's how it feels.

I'm sitting then—I hope—in a nice shady ditch hugging my little one-man Piat, with its jet-driven shell, and wondering . . . "Will he see me first and get me with his machine-gun before he's near enough for me to get him?"

The Steady Hand

Imagination would be telling me, were I listening, what it's like to have fifty tons of metal charging over me. But I'm hearing what battle cunning's saying instead:

"Keep yourself well hidden. Don't move a finger more than you must. Keep that hand steady or you may fire too soon, for if you miss you give yourself away.

"You'll stop him if you get his track, but he'll still have that machine-gun to settle with you. Your shot may glance off his thick frontal armour. And, after all, perhaps he's not coming straight at YOU!

"No, he's not really. There, he's passing you, hasn't seen you . . . look, that's his side where he's thinner . . . just right now . . . FIRE!"

Your shell tears a gaping hole in him, bursts inside, smoke belches out, then flame—yes, he's brewing up (which is tankese for on fire).

"Grand little Piat!" I say to myself. "Thanks for you, one-man tank-buster to beat a monster with."

But, you see, it's cool cunning that puts a Piat shell just where it hurts most.

Not that you think much about this battle cunning when you're in the thick of things: it just becomes part of you. Your extra weapon, as it were.

The difference, other things being equal and barring accidents, between your wits taking you through that flaming hell to the top of the hill—or going back into the sea!

Seven Survived

By B. L. JACOT

WHILE the war on land mounts towards its climax, Coastal Command makes sure that U-boats cannot prevent the flow of supplies to our troops.

Often its vigil is kept in great hardship and danger, against terrific odds. We do not hear much about it—but here, for example, is the heroic story of a nineteen-year-old Sunderland Captain, Flying Officer F. H. Bunce, of Sydney, Australia, told in his own words:

We were out on a routine anti-U-boat patrol. These jobs can last twelve and fourteen hours, and sometimes things happen.

We finished this job "in the drink"—the Bay of Biscay in a heavy sea—and the Navy pulled us in in the end. But our guns were still firing—what was left of them—as we hit the water.

Junkers All Round

We had just received a message telling us not to be home later than eight that night, and were debating how far we should go, when the tail gunner reported two Junkers 88s on our port bow. We climbed, and then they opened up at us with cannon fire.

As I looked I saw other Ju's putting themselves all round us. There were at least nine of them—and there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

We feinted around, and this may have thrown the attack out of gear a bit.

A pair came in for a second attack from the starboard; the mid-upper turret dome was shot away. The gunner was wounded in the face. Then we began to catch it. Shells burst all over us.

The port mainplane caught fire and began to belch thick smoke. The wing seemed to be melting. One of the engines stopped, and it was then obviously a choice between ditching and blowing up in mid-air. We ditched.

Birthday in a Dinghy

We went down to a very heavy sea, and as we hit I heard our guns still going. I hit my head a terrific crack as I went through the bridge escape.

The Sunderland hit a 20-ft. swell, broke up and sank in two minutes. All seven of us managed to get into the large dinghy and huddled up together for the sake of warmth.

We spent the rest of the day and most of the night trying to get our clothes dry and to keep the dinghy baled. No one got much in the way of sleep.

But early next morning we had terrific excitement. We spotted a Sunderland and made frantic signals. She flew over us for half an hour, searching the area, but she never saw the little speck that was us, in spite of all we could do.

We fired two signals. We tried to flash a message with the shiny bottom of a first-aid canister. We took turns to stand up and wave—for half an hour in all.

We were pretty near despair. But when we came to think it over calmly afterwards, I reckoned that the aircraft did not come much nearer to us than twelve miles. Wishful thinking, at the time, made it much closer than that.

Anyway, the Sunderland got further and further away and finally disappeared. And there we were in the dinghy. We tried to dry our clothes again.

Flight-Sergeant R. N. Thompson, of New South Wales, messed up his arm during the ditching and we did the best we could to make him comfortable. He insisted on doing his share of the baling, and refused any extra rations—milk tablets.

Our Scot, Flight-Sergeant R. A. Reid, of Inverness—the wireless operator, celebrated his 23rd birthday aboard the dinghy. He had three extra milk tablets to make a party of it.

"Destroyers Coming"

It wasn't so good that day, though we had another burst of excitement. Towards evening we spotted ten aircraft flying very high. High for spotting us, I mean. We hadn't an earthly of being seen, so we didn't worry. We settled down for the night. The sea was still rough.

Then at 1 a.m. we heard more aircraft overhead. We sat up and took notice. It wasn't long before a flare was dropped almost over us—and that did the trick!

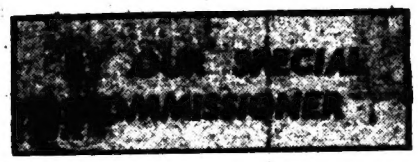
In the morning we were picked up and all that day we had continuous cover—at least, it looked like it to us.

We weren't troubling then. Another day passed then an aircraft sent us the signal: "Destroyers coming."

Until we got that signal we had been very careful with our water and milk tablets, stretching them out to last ten days. When we saw the destroyer we had a real blow out. Cleaned up the lot—chocolate, milk and water.

We almost upset the dinghy when the ship was sighted, for everyone stood up and tried to jump about. Almost, but not quite. But it was mighty good to see those sailors!

Coastal Command Sunderlands are on the job by night and by day



CARELESS TALK IN HIGH PLACES

MANY of us whose work takes us into the West End of London and to provincial towns and ports hear far too much talk that has potential value to the enemy.

Despite the numerous warnings which His Majesty's Stationery Office has issued on the subject it is the United States Army authorities that tackle the careless talk problem with the ruthlessness it needs.

An American major-general who was recently reduced to a junior rank and sent back to the United States is a case in point.

This officer was a commander in the American Air Force in Britain, and General Eisenhower found that he had disclosed vital information about the invasion of France at a cocktail party.

Had enemy agents overheard his conversation it might have had serious consequences.

He is now back at his station in New Jersey; his name is Henry Miller—now a lieutenant-colonel.

From inquiries I have made the American authorities are so severe in their disciplinary action against careless talkers, particularly among those in the "High-Ups," that several officers have previously been reduced in rank and sent home for disclosing official information whether likely to be useful to the enemy or not.

I made a tour last week of hotel lounges, restaurant bars and clubs where officers of all Services meet daily. I overheard various statements which never ought to have been made, and I did not have to make an effort to eavesdrop.

There is one restaurant not far from Whitehall popular with Staff officers.

One group is so well known that I overheard the head waiter say, "Keep that table to-day for the War Office."

The tables are crammed together and diners can easily hear what is being discussed by adjoining parties.

At the bar, where many of the distinguished visitors forgather before sitting down to their meal, their conversation can be listened to however guarded they may try to be.

In one place I visited I picked up wisps of conversation about a general who had just been appointed to a new post so that a more suitable officer could be released to undertake special work in connection with future plans.

In another Air Force officers were talking about tactical improvements in certain types of aircraft now playing a big part in the war.

True, the account was not full enough to be valuable in itself to an interested outsider, but one must remember that information of value to the enemy is built up like a jig-saw puzzle.

Before the News

A journalist friend of mine, who agrees with me that the careless talk problem is not being adequately handled by the Government officials concerned, recently overheard a discussion about a report that Americans were operating a new kind of flying ship.

A little while ago, when I was staying in a port which is now one of the chief centres of invasion embarkation, officers in an hotel lounge were discussing how masses of landing barges were being piled up, one on top of another in some cases, in readiness for D-Day.

How a new rocket was being tried out in the district—with our own 'planes acting as targets many thousands of feet out of range of the experimental explosives. The actual height at which they were expected to burst and the radius they were expected to cover were mentioned loud enough for anyone to hear.

The fact that Mr. Churchill was going to France was talked of in many places that are visited by high ranking Servicemen days before the fact that he had arrived on the Norman beaches was made public.

Dates are Discussed

And these instances are not isolated.

The authorities who are responsible for curbing this careless talk problem have no need to go beyond their own archives to get confirmation of what a serious matter this is.

An Admiralty officer, for instance, recently travelled to a South Coast port to see a special demonstration of a new secret weapon now being used with success in the Battle of France.

The hotel where he stayed was kept by an old friend of his, and the sailor was surprised when the proprietor greeted him with the news that he had more than an inkling of the reason for his visit.

The man from Whitehall was amazed when his friend gave him accurate details of the weapon concerned. He had been able to piece his precise information together from talk he had listened to while serving local naval officers in his lounge.

The officers in question had probably thought—as so many of these talkative offenders do—that the details they were discussing were inconsequential to listeners.

But they should be shrewd enough to know that even a hint overheard by some interested person can cause disaster and loss of life.

In another case, investigated by military authorities following a complaint by a patriotic listener, the news of the coming visit to a most important military command had leaked out through the careless talk of one or another of the command's officers.

An Intelligence officer confirmed the facts and reported that the substance of the complaint was true.

In different places discussions among such people about troop movements and convoy sailings have—it is known to the authorities as the result of private inquiries—been far too common.

Even possible dates have leaked out.

Talking in a public place about the invasion of France a few days ago an officer wearing several rows of ribbons was heard to say that special measures had been taken to counteract the "possibility of a Dunkirk."

I know that a confidential circular was issued recently through certain Ministries about the urgent need to prevent leakage of information.

But confidential circulars are no good if even the high-ups, or certainly a growing minority of them, do not heed the warnings they are given.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. Service, Wilton Mansions, Glasgow, N.W., has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for sending me information useful for record purposes.

Any information sent in by readers about any suspected scandal, ramp or injustice will be investigated if the facts warrant it. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Short Story

By Frank Walters

Return Match

The sliding door opened, a torch flashed

EVERYTHING had gone perfectly—so far. He had carefully followed the instructions of his helpers from outside. Already he was some 150 miles from the Oflag where he had spent more than three years.

His escape would hardly be noticed before the first roll-call, and by then he would be past Frankfort.

Maurice Normand's nerves were a little on edge as he stood in the black-out on the crowded platform of the station at Gotha. The Leipzig-Frankfort express had just been signalled. He had been advised to travel third-class in the slow trains to Gotha, and first-class in the last train later on, which was more likely to be controlled by the *Gestapo*.

But the police, he was told, preferred tackling smaller people rather than first-class passengers, who might always include little Nazi bosses who resented being bothered during the night.

"Well, and even if they do come," Maurice Normand thought, "my forged papers should do the trick; 'Marcel Marmont, civil engineer.'"

His three years of captivity while his defenceless country was being exploited and humiliated had made him hate the enemy much more than he ever had thought himself capable of hating.

He had been brought up in a different way. As a Wimbledon tennis champion he had travelled across Europe, taken part in many international tournaments, made friends with many foreign players. There had been Britons, Swedes, Americans, Italians, Hungarians, Germans among them—yes, Germans, too.

He found it hard to reconcile these German sports rivals—the lean Theo von Stieglitz, the handsome Kurt Mohn, the burly Walter Lutz—with the nation which had become the most hated, despised and cursed in the world.

HE never had been much interested in politics, not even in French politics, and even less in German affairs. Were all these old friends Nazis? He remembered having tried to find out through casual questions in the club lounges at Wimbledon, Wiesbaden, Auteuil, Ostend. . . . They always evaded the question, sometimes with a cheap joke, and they changed the subject.

How he hated them all, especially that man Kurt Mohn, who had boasted of training in his spare time as a pilot.

Perhaps he was one of Goering's airmen who had machine-gunned refugees on the roads of France in June, '40. Perhaps he had taken part in the bombing of London, Coventry and Belgrade. Now he might be dead.

"I hope so, anyway," he mused.

A whistle cut through the darkness, the headlights of a locomotive grew larger, the crowd on the platform surged towards the train. Normand found a carriage which was fairly full, but luckily managed to snatch a seat just vacated by an officer.

In the dim light he had little chance of examining the faces of his fellow-passengers. Four officers, two women, another civilian. Some were sleeping, and the others hardly looked up.

He decided to try to sleep, too. . . .

The sliding door opened noisily, a torch flashed, and a hoarse voice said: "Secret Police. . . . Your papers, please!"

Two men stood in the doorway, one in plain clothes, one in S.S. uniform.

The passengers fumbled obediently for their military and other papers. So did "Marcel Marmont," and felt his heart thumping wildly.

"Hello, Maurice," said a voice from the opposite corner. "What a surprise!"

Maurice felt his blood freeze. Kurt Mohn—the pilot whom he had wished dead an hour or so ago. . . . What a coincidence! And what bad luck! This man Mohn shouting his Christian name "Maurice" just as he was handing papers to the *Gestapo* official marked "Marcel"!

The S.S. man flashed his torch at the corner from which the greeting had come. Now Maurice got a clear glimpse of the handsome Kurt in his greyish-blue *Luftwaffe* uniform. Meanwhile, the police official was frowning at the forged papers.

"You should not sit here," came the stern rebuke. "This compartment is for officers only. Who are you, anyway? Let me see all your papers."

"This gentleman is an old friend of mine, I should like him to sit here, Herr Inspektor," cut in Mohn's voice from the corner.

"Well, sir, if you take the responsibility. . . ."

The controlling patrol saluted and passed on down the corridor. Maurice found his breath again: "Many thanks, Mohn . . . Captain Mohn," he said hesitatingly, in a toneless voice.

"Why not Kurt?" the other replied gaily. Then, also with some hesitation and with a sad frown, he added: "Have you forgotten the old days?"

There was a pause. The other passengers seemed to be watching curiously.

"Let's stretch our legs in the corridor," said Mohn.

"Certainly," the Frenchman answered. He had recovered his spirits, but was clearly baffled. Of course, he still hated Mohn, even though he had helped him out of an awkward situation just now. Why had he done it?

Once he realised the truth all the talk about "an old friend" would cease. As a Nazi he would be sure to hand him over to the police. What else could Mohn do? It would be his duty as a German officer.

"In two hours we should be in Frankfort," said Mohn, "unless the engine breaks down, which often happens nowadays. Tell me, Maurice, how is your form? Have you been practising much recently? Mine's rotten. No time for practice. I'm sure I couldn't win one set against you now. Remember last time I beat you at Ostend in the fifth set? You missed the winning ball twice by inches, and even protested that the umpire's decision had robbed you of your victory."

He was laughing like a happy boy. But Maurice Normand remembered still only too well how that umpire had allowed himself to be bluffed by Mohn sharply shouting "Out!" Or perhaps he had feared Mohn's notorious fits of temper.

Mohn went on: "I am now stationed at Marignane, near Marseilles. . . . Still, better than in that cursed Russia. . . . Before then I was in Normandy. I inquired about the fate of all your crowd. Lucques, the poor chap, was killed 1940. I know. . . . I have seen Vignerolles several times and even played against him on two occasions." ("That Doriot-Quisling," Normand thought). His expression must have betrayed him, for the other went on:

"Yes, I know how you feel about him, and I don't blame you. . . ."

FOR the first time Normand began to hate Mohn a little less.

"I heard that you were made a prisoner in the Maginot Line in 1940," continued Mohn. "Tell me, what happened to you since? Were you released? Or are you on leave from the camp?"

Captain Mohn paused and looked at his companion; no, it could not be a leave, he was in civvies.

There was a painful silence. Then Mohn smiled bitterly.

"I was a fool to ask so many questions. I should have guessed the truth at once. Well, you didn't answer, so I don't know anything about it."

He paused again, and then with a sharp look he added: "For me you are a prisoner who has been granted a short home leave from the Oflag. . . ."

Normand did not know how to react. As a Frenchman he was not prepared to show any gratitude to a German officer. But he did not wish to return to the camp, either. So he answered with hardly concealed irony:

"Thank you. It's very generous."

Mohn noticed the haughty intonation, sighed, and then replied curtly:

"You French people make it very difficult for a German to be generous."

"You Germans have made it very difficult to a Frenchman to feel grateful."

Mohn showed signs of impatience. "Listen, Normand, stop that sulking nonsense. I am a German officer, who did nothing but obey orders, just as you did."

"But your orders were to destroy, mine to defend," replied the Frenchman.

"You had no choice," the German burst out with a cynical laugh. "It was all over with your army in five weeks! Otherwise it would have been interesting to study your methods of warfare."

"We Frenchmen had no Hitler, no Goering, no Himmler, anyway, so I don't think we need fear a comparison."

THE two men looked at each other like enemies. The train had slowed down, then stopped. The name of the station was being shouted from the platform.

"You are provoking me, Normand, but you won't provoke me long," said Mohn angrily.

He hastily opened the window, drew a whistle and blew it. A sentry came running along the platform and clicked his heels beneath the window.

"Call the military police quickly!"

The sentry saluted and ran back. Normand regretted that he had lost his temper—and the "game"—just for nothing; for the sake of speaking his mind to a German.

"Now I know, Mohn, what you would never admit in the old days; that you are a Nazi just like the others. Thank you for the confirmation."

Mohn stared at him, flushed, then looked away. In a quiet voice he said: "You're young, Maurice. I'm just a German."

"Your orders, Sir!"

A sergeant of the military police was standing stiffly at attention on the platform beneath the carriage window.

Captain Mohn hesitated just a moment. "Sergeant, I want you to . . ." I called you because. . . ."

The sergeant still stood rigidly at attention waiting for an order, but his eyes showed he was surprised by this stuttering officer, who seemed to have forgotten what he wanted.

"I want you to ask the station-master whether this delay will make me miss my connection for Strasbourg and Marseilles."

The man hurried away, and the Frenchman bowed his head.

"Sorry I misjudged you, Kurt," he said. "Now I know that you are *not* a Nazi."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Now listen, Maurice. We'll travel together as far as Lyons. After that you'll be able to make sure of the 'home leave' which you have been granted from your Oflag. . . . Understand?"

"Yes, Kurt. Thank you. If . . . if they were *all* like you there wouldn't have been a war."

And in the gloomy corridor the former tennis rivals shook hands.

We'd All Like to Please Ourselves

WE'D all like life's bitter cup of pain to be mercifully struck to the ground. We'd all like life's rainbow to shine so that love's golden uplands be found. We'd all like the heavy strain of war to unexpectedly cease, and we'd all like relief from anxiety and to live in a world of peace.

WE'D all like to please ourselves without conscience to interfere. We'd all like to have the time of our lives, for all the time we are here. We'd all like to spend our time on pleasure's vast golden beach, but only in living all life's ways can we learn what life has to teach.

J. M.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

JOHN BULL

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

A full-dress rehearsal: but by now they've probably experienced the real thing

THE Commando troops are tough, they have to be, according to Pte. A. Moult-Spiers, who writes to his wife at Ringwood Road, Totton, Hants:

That night we marched down to the landing craft with full kit and at last we were on board, crammed in as tight as sardines in a tin.

In the dark we moved out from the quayside, all keyed up with excitement. At first we were allowed to smoke, talk and sing. So to the accompaniment of a mouth-organ we sang the old favourites and forgot to be seasick.

After three hours' steaming we were told to keep quiet, and cigarettes were put out. The engines slowed down and our craft crept in towards the shore until we could see faintly the dark smudge of land ahead.

As our craft grounded on the shingle the ramp door in the bow was let down, and in the matter of seconds we were rushing out on the beach. This was it!

Our objective was a wireless station on the top of the hill, and we had to get up there and demolish it before dawn. First we had to climb the rocky hill, and do the job in quick time, surprising the enemy.

As we climbed the quiet of the night was broken by rifle fire, then a machine-gun opened up on us, and then another. To my right was a terrific explosion, which blew me against the hill face. . . . We continued to climb upwards, scrambling, cussing and sweating.

At last the top of the hill! The wireless station about a hundred yards ahead, with its four pylons supporting the aerial wires. My job was to fix a specially prepared canister of explosive to the main staunchion, and having fixed it to twist a knob, and then get away as quickly as possible . . . which I did!

Scrambling down the hill to the beach, we had the call to fall in, and an officer in charge of the "do" said that we had done a grand job . . . but it was a pity it was not the real thing!

However, it was fun while it lasted, and we had a nice sea trip up the coast.

Depressed Prisoners

German prisoners in Italy with some knowledge of English often chat with their guards, and seem to take a pessimistic view. One of the guards writes to a friend at Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks:

We were given the job of escorting 1,000 German prisoners, and although it proved tedious, it had its compensations. Some of our prisoners had fought on the Russian Front, and they were depressed about the future.

One of them said that since the battles of El Alamein and Stalingrad the German troops realised that they were on the losing side, but *Gestapo* men serving with their units prevented them from voicing their opinions.

All the prisoners give the impression that they are very glad to be "out" of the war.

Praising Corsica

After North Africa and Italy, L.A.C. R. G. Jenkins, R.A.F., finds Corsica a pleasant change. He writes to his grandfather at Briton Ferry, South Wales:

Corsica is the best place I've seen since I left Blighty, and it is really lovely. The island is roughly 100 miles long and 60 miles wide, and from where I sit now I can see a range of hills rising up to 8,000 feet.

We get on very well with the Corsicans, fierce-looking but kindly people who are very proud of themselves. They make no attempt to scrounge off us, and, stranger still, the children are well behaved, which is a bit different to our experience elsewhere.

. . . Our tent and its surroundings are beginning to look like the bird section at the Zoo, as the place swarms with colourful birds of all varieties, who look to us for tit-bits. Having made friends with the Corsicans, the birds are now our pals and regular callers.

Not a bad life at the moment!

How the Indians Live

Housing conditions in some parts of India are described by Sgmn. N. Woodbury in a letter to a friend at Eldred Avenue, Withdean, Brighton:

I went into an Indian dwelling: the floor is just earth, the ceiling is held up with bamboo struts, with a crude native thatch above. There is one room and the height of it is under five feet, so that you have to bend almost double to get through the small door, and stay bent once you are inside.

As there is only this one room, everything from sleeping to cooking is done here. There is a crude sort of hob for cooking and no chimney, so that the whole place is filthy with the layers of soot from many years' fires. There are no windows; the only light there is filters grudgingly through the straw walls.

It quite jolted me to see how these people lived.

Homely Names in Italy

British troops entering Italian towns soon import a little "home" atmosphere, and win friends among local people. Gnr. L. G. Hone writes to his wife at Clarens Street, Catford, London, S.E.:

Surprising how the troops manage to bring the English atmosphere into any Italian town they occupy.

The boys in these days of fast-moving warfare have only brief stays in the towns from which they have driven the Germans.

Even so, in a very short time, order and peace take the place of chaos and fear, with the result that the Italians are soon our friends.

Tommy with his inborn sense of humour soon adapts himself to his unaccustomed Continental surroundings, and the fact that there is no local equivalent to our inns or "pubs" doesn't worry him.

The "Vino" (wine) shop across the road is soon christened "The George and Dragon," or the "Fox and Hounds."

For our guidance the main road, "Via Roma," becomes Oxford Street; the "Piazzo di Virgilis" is renamed Piccadilly Circus, and "Via Pessina" is now the Edgware Road.

To signposts which bear such information as Napoli, 120 kms., is added "London, 850 miles," and pointing in the direction of the Front is an arrow sign, "Axis, This Way."

Daft and feeble little jokes maybe, but they take the edge off the horrors of war.

Arabian Wedding Party

An Arab wedding never fails in its appeal to the troops in North Africa, who enjoy the fun. Pte. S. Dignam writes to his wife at Scott Road, Prestwich, Manchester:

We were invited a few days ago to an Arab wedding, so we went along to cheer up the "Victims."

It was a good few miles to the Arab camp where the ceremony was to take place, and we arrived after dinner, but refreshments were provided. Being well brought up and knowing our manners, we took off our shoes before entering the main tent. Everyone was as pleased to see us as if we were members of the family.

When the bride arrived she is given a ride on a camel, making a circuit of the camp. This done, she waits patiently for the bridegroom, who on arriving pays his money to the parents.

The marriage then took place, and everybody seemed satisfied, except the bride, whom I thought looked a bit bored, but I suppose the poor girl was weary after all the fuss and excitement.

Quite a good party!

Can You Imagine England Without Rain?

WHY, when it comes to the matter of rain, are British artists such liars? And I don't mean merely artists who paint pictures, but artists who write pictures as well.

It may seem a stupid thing to write about the weather at a time like this, when the only weather we have in England is in the Straits of Dover. Why, for the first time in its history there is no weather in Manchester.

But I've just been looking through an old copy of "Trilby," in particular at du Maurier's wonderful drawing of a funeral on a wet afternoon in Paris. And it occurred to me that this picture looks more truly English than any drawing I have ever seen of London.

★ ★ ★

If you were to come alive again on the moon in a thousand years' time and begin to recall your existence on earth, I think the first thing you would remember about England would be rain—yes, before Yorkshire pudding or even the Derby.

England without rain would be like holly without berries, like Napoleon without his forelock, like "Hamlet" without the Prince, like Trafalgar Square without Nelson. It wouldn't *look* right.

Rain is England's trade-mark. It is the signature on the label—"none genuine without."

It gives us our lovely colours and our beautiful gardens. Unless it forgets to call for a while it saves our beans.

We'd be nowhere without our rain.

But as soon as a man sets out to make a picture of England—either in paint or pen and ink, or words, or even a modest picture postcard—he has to start telling lies: the picture of a Wet Day in Manchester in this year's Academy must make most artists feel that their side has been let down with a teeth-shaking jar.

If you were to believe the novels you read, or the pictures you see in the art galleries, or the postcards in the shops, you'd get the idea that it never rained in England.

A painter will put down his easel at the end of the lane and wait a fortnight if needs be until the sun comes out over the little thatched cottage.

And, according to writers like Dickens, in England you can either dance round the Maypole in brilliant sunlight or skate on the village pond in a maze of snowflakes. There isn't anything else.

Where can you buy a picture postcard of a wet day in the Strand, or Shakespeare's birthplace in a downpour?

Life is an injustice, I know, but the poor old rain has got more to complain of than anything else in the universe. We in England owe nearly everything to it—not merely the look of our land but also our characters. And yet to read our books you'd think it never rained here at all. To look at our pictures you'd think we lived in a perpetual heatwave.

★ ★ ★

I believe we're ashamed of our rain.

It's the same with our Uncle Joe. We couldn't get on without our Uncle Joe. He mends our locks and lays our carpets and when we're broke he lends us five bob without a word.

But when the Squire calls we hide him in the woodshed.

I wonder if this is because our Uncle Joe goes through life looking like a wet Wednesday?

A. G.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● We hear much of the merits of mass radiography for detecting tuberculosis, but seldom of plans for building sanatoria for the extra cases discovered by this method of diagnosis.—W. S. Roberts, Bugle, Cornwall.

★ ★ ★

Submarines can only be used for war purposes. Then let us prohibit *all* submarines after the war.—R. A. Burton Stonnall, Walsall.

★ ★ ★

A waitress responsible for thirty customers in a busy restaurant was called up and posted to the Wrens. Now a waitress in an officers' mess, she is still a waitress, and serves six people! And she was taken from her home town to do it.—"J. H.," Mossgiel, Argyll.

★ ★ ★

Amusing to hear hot arguments for and against the award of the 1939-43 Star. Has anyone ever considered the poor housewife? Now, she deserves a medal!—Mrs. G. M. James, Mt. Pleasant Road, Ebbw Vale.

★ ★ ★

A youth of good character in his last term at a secondary school was punished for not wearing a cap. It would be foolish to buy a new one for half a term. Such "discipline" is ridiculous.—"C. W. E.," Leicester.

Jews Want to Fight

MANPOWER will decide the war. Germany's shortage of men is already obvious. Russia's losses, on the other side, have been gigantic.

Republicans, on the eve of the national conventions, raise a row over Australia's withdrawal of men from her armed forces—this has been made necessary because they are urgently needed on the farms—in order that Roosevelt will, in the end, get the kick.

Manpower is becoming so low in Canada that it has been necessary to call up six men to obtain one for the army

In Britain, more and more, there are complaints that the Civil Service has not been combed out enough to supply the Army's needs. Also, we continually hear complaints that one-man businesses are being closed and too many middle-aged men with families are being conscripted.

If for no other reason, then, the need for a Jewish Army is urgent.

Even if it only included the 150,000 men which could be raised from the stateless refugees and Palestinian Jews, together with volunteers from neutral countries and territories liberated from the enemy, it would mean that there would be 150,000 fewer Gentile homes from which a wage-earner was taken.

The strange thing is that while, for all sorts of reasons, not always selfish ones, some of the Gentiles would be unwilling conscripts, the Jewish Army is called for by Jews who are eager to join the Allied Forces but cannot do so.

Mind you, they want to fight as Jews. One reason is that, at present, citizens of enemy countries are not allowed in our fighting ranks, but made to join the pioneers.

This Jews do not want to do. They want to kill Germans.

BACKED BY THE FIRST LADY

In a few days' time, Lord Strabolgi is to raise the matter in the House of Lords. As for the House of Commons, no fewer than fifty-three M.P.s have tabled an all-Party motion favouring the formation of the Jewish Army under British or United Nations command, and asked the Secretary for War to receive a deputation.

In the United States, the project is backed by Mrs. Roosevelt, Donald Nelson (Director of Production), Henry Stimson (the Secretary for War)—Frank Knox, the Secretary for the Navy did so until his death—and the General in charge of mobilisation.

Other supporters include 400 members of Senate and Congress, and all the leading trade unionists, except John Lewis. He opposes everything.

The Fadden Government in Australia, Smuts and Lloyd George have all backed the idea.

Originally, the idea of the Jewish Army was turned down "because arms were short." Then hundreds of thousands of Jews belonging to all the neutral countries wanted to fight. To-day, there is no arms shortage.

It seems extraordinary to me that, for mysterious reasons, no doubt hidden somewhere in the Colonial Office, we do not take advantage of all this unused Jewish manpower.

Already there are 1,300,000 Jews in the Allied Forces. There are in the British Army 54,000 Jews, out of a population of 350,000. Canada's volunteer army includes an even higher proportion of Jews. The American Forces contain more than 500,000 Jews.

In Russia, the figure is more than 600,000, of whom 30,000 have received medals for bravery.

I mention that to give an idea of the fighting qualities of men who now, being stateless, are not allowed to join any fighting unit of any kind.

Wingate said that the Jews in Palestine provided him with as fine material as he had encountered anywhere. Since then it has improved, for between 40,000 and 50,000 have made themselves into highly trained guerillas, fit to go anywhere. *Why are they not used?*

FIVE ARAB ARMIES

Tito, who recently claimed to have a force of 300,000, includes in it 24,000 Jews who escaped from Germany and Austria and other Nazi-occupied lands and rushed to his Colours, this although few of them could speak any of the Slav languages.

Only a few weeks ago, 5,000 Jews cabled from Buenos Aires expressing their willingness to fight anywhere in the Allied ranks.

There are in the Middle East—in Egypt, Iraq, Iran, Palestine and Turkey—between 80,000 and 90,000 Jews who would volunteer immediately they knew they could join fighting units of their own. They may speak in different tongues—but Yiddish is common to most of them. Only in a Jewish Army could Yiddish form a link.

There are no fewer than five Arab armies in existence. That in Iraq revolted; another fought loyally with Mussolini against the British in the Middle East; the Egyptian army remained neutral, and had to be protected by the British. The other two, one in Transjordania and the other in Aden, are maintained by us, but are not fighting.

Yet the Colonial Office continually oppose the formation of a Jewish fighting force, for fear that "it might offend the Arabs." Why, the Arabs won't even offend themselves!

Would he have been so sturdy if he had been well-whipped?

IS there some special magic about Midsummer Day? Do the early risers who go to Stonehenge to watch the sunrise experience some mystical emotion? Does anybody nowadays look for fairies on Midsummer Eve?

Barrie wrote a play about a magic wood which appeared on the night of June 23. People who wandered into it could live their lives over again; but they did no better the second time than they did the first. I wonder. . . .

A reader has sent a letter which sets one thinking about problems of this type.

I had an important appointment, he writes, **but had cut things rather fine. At Charing Cross an old lady told me she was scared of the escalator and begged me to help her down. I did so, of course—I couldn't very well refuse. But it caused me to miss a train, and that meant missing another at Euston.**

That meant waiting for an hour—an hour which has altered my whole life. For it was then that I met the girl who promised to marry me. But for that old lady we should never have met. That is the common-sense view, but both my fiancée and I feel certain that we were fated to meet, and that there was no accident about it.

Missing that train cost me a job, but a better one came along within a week. All things considered, I bless that old lady and think of her as a fairy godmother.

Do you think, Humanist, that things like these are just accidents? Or do they happen because they were predestined?

The most surprising thing about the story is that a man going to an important appointment should have driven it so late. If he had been two minutes earlier he would have caught his train. If the old lady had been a minute earlier or later he would have caught it.

His life seems to hinge on "ifs." I know he wants me to say that everything was prearranged, but I can't honestly say so. I think it was accidental; in this case a lucky accident.

People express surprise at the mischief done by youngsters, writes another man, **but I am surprised that there isn't more of it!**

I was brought up in one of the best of homes by the best of parents, and yet there was never a more wicked, disobedient and mischievous lad than myself in the whole of the United Kingdom.

I now realise that I have to thank my father and my teacher for dealing out punishment in a firm and reliable way. There is too much nonsense talked nowadays about punishing children—too much dilly-dallying and namby-pamby humbug to have any good effect.

In the old days the parents' word was law and had to be obeyed. Youngsters to-day ought to be handled more severely when they do wrong. A farmer caught me stealing apples and gave me a good talking to. I went away laughing up my sleeve.

The next time he caught me, instead of kindly words of advice, he gave me something that I can almost feel now. And that was thirty-five years ago!

That is the only effective way of treating such youngsters—namely, a good thrashing that will leave its mark and not be forgotten. I have no patience with the piffle talked to-day.

I am aware that a good many parents will agree with this man's remedy for juvenile delinquency, and possibly a number of teachers too. But there are others who are violently opposed to corporal punishment.

For one thing there are some people who get a secret pleasure in inflicting punishment; for another it is doubtful whether it does any good. No doubt there are certain tough lads who can accept a hiding without any serious harm, but there are others who are badly hurt—mentally and emotionally.

In my opinion punishment should be very rare indeed, and only when it is thoroughly deserved.

SOME PEOPLE DON'T BELIEVE IN SPARING THE ROD

A RETIRED miner makes an interesting suggestion.

There are hundreds of old age pensioners, he says, **who are too old for heavy manual labour, but they could undertake household duties of any kind and would be glad to enter domestic service if the opportunity arose.**

Take my own case. I am seventy-one years of age, too old for work in the pits, but I flatter myself that I am good at housework. I am a widower, living with my son, his wife and two grandchildren. For the last five years I have kept the house going preparing the meals, doing the housework, seeing the children off to school. I even do my own washing.

Mr. Bevin has put thousands of women into men's jobs during the war, so why not reverse things and let the older men take their place in the home?

Some men are excellent in the house, but others are hopeless

I suggest that a great many retired men might do the shopping—it would be a tremendous help to the harassed war-worker—and if they can cook a meal I am sure their services would be welcomed. But I doubt whether people would be willing to engage them as substitutes for the vanished race of domestic workers.

I wonder what women would have to say to the suggestion?

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

Human Machine

Be Prepared to Use Leisure

After the last war it was pointed out by many wise and eminent men that the tremendous development of automatic machinery that the war had forced on was producing more than actual goods; it was producing something that the world had not seen much of before—leisure.

Well, we know now that the world failed to recognise this new product of the machines. Maybe it didn't want to recognise it. But what the last war did, this one has done a thousand times more.

When peace comes again we could have all the leisure we want. Under the drive of war, invention and discovery have outrun all previous expectations. We can have leisure and to spare—if we wish, and if we know how to use it.

It's not so easy. Leisure isn't idleness.

So many people have always made the mistake of thinking that the two are the same!

Leisure is never doing nothing; *it is finding refuge from compulsory work in working for pleasure.*

To think there is any pleasure or satisfaction in idleness is just self-deception.

In the new world of peace that is rushing on us with winged feet this is a lesson we must all be prepared to learn.

WE ASKED

Margaret Lockwood

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F. K. (Falmouth).—"The B.B.C. again assure listeners that members of the Brains Trust get no hint of what they will talk about at the microphone." Although, of course, Dr. Joad knows beforehand the spontaneous answers to any question.

D. M. (Grendon).—"Damp grass is liable to burst into flames as soon as the weather gets hot." We must use one or two blades of the stuff as a wick in that old patent-lighter of ours.

F. N. (Bath).—"I think I can honestly claim to be the first person to be stung by a wasp this year." You can have the same proud distinction next year as far as we are concerned.

P.C. (London, E.).—"A nightingale flew into our police station in a very exhausted state." We suppose, after it had enjoyed a short rest, you directed it to Berkeley Square?

E. N. (Bedford).—"These sudden changes in the weather are causing the medical authorities a lot of worry." Especially when a patient is rushed off to hospital with sunstroke and is found to be suffering from frost-bite when he gets there.

T. M. (Carlisle).—"I am all in favour of the working day being cut down to four hours, with no work at all on Saturday." Our office-boy considers that your proposals do not go far enough.

HELEN (Kensington).—"Women only need more coupons and they will wear more." Recollections of the dear, dead, couponless days before the war lead us to doubt it.

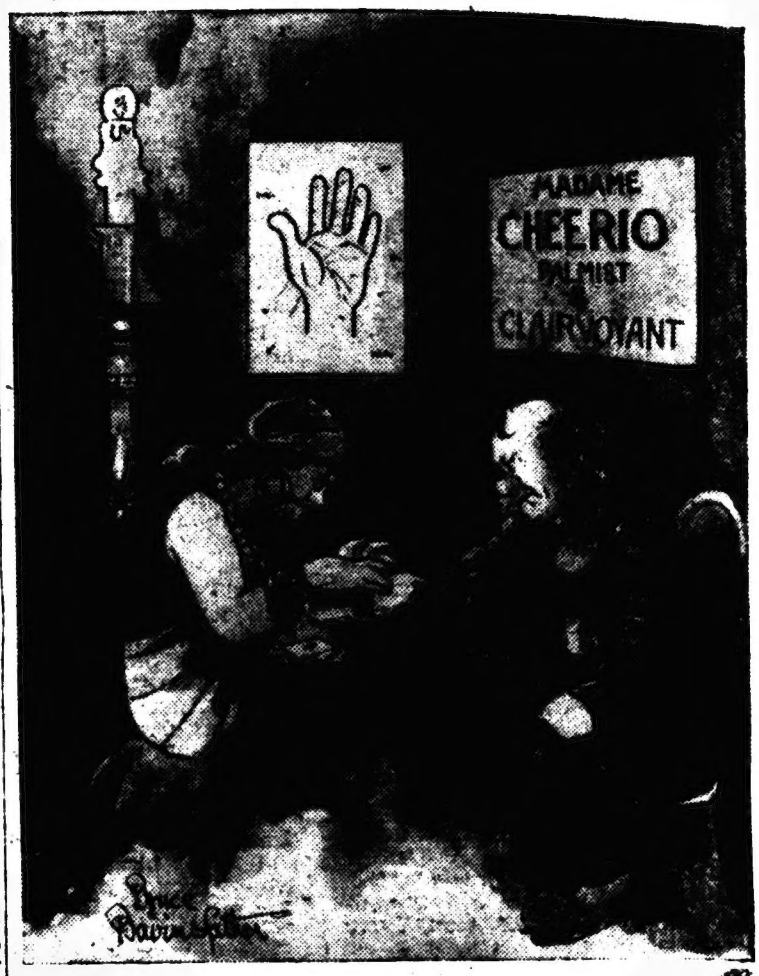
G. L. (Perth).—"I notice that one of our famous generals admits that he has an unlucky month." That's nothing—Hitler can beat him by eleven.

F. G. (Totnes).—"Where is the best place to see modern warfare as it really is?" The cinema.

S. A. (Enfield).—"A man without teeth loses confidence in himself." And the man who knocks them out gains confidence.

GEORGE (London, W.).—"I had my hat knocked off my head by a low-flying swallow while I was listening to a band in the park." The bird evidently thought that the National Anthem was being played?

G. F. (Dumfries).—"An airman who jumped from a crashing aeroplane and came to our farm for assistance proved to be an old schoolboy friend of mine." He dropped in to see you.



OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Yes—I see enemy paratroopers! They are about to blow up a water tower! . . . There's a Home Guard on the top—alone! Ah! I see clearly! It's you!"

Side-Slips

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE:—"That meant to all intents and purposes the death of a DIVING church . . ."

DAILY EXPRESS: —". . . went down she fired 2,000 HOUNDS against German position . . ."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Put a few vegetables or LOOKS into the water . . ."

SUNDERLAND ECHO: —". . . in Northern Italy were the objectives of our heavy COMBERS."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—". . . a man saw a specialist about a probable gastric ULSTER. . . ."

EVENING NEWS:—". . . was her London-born captain, A. A.——, whose wife WIVES at. . . ."

WARWICKSHIRE STANDARD:—"The BONUS fell between that village and . . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● It's fashionable to malign human nature. "We're at war because you can't change human nature," some people say.

We on JOHN BULL are often glad that the finer aspects of human nature do not change. And that is why this is a little story to make the heart glow.

We were able to help a mother recently who was having trouble with a Government Department. At once she sent £5 to our Greatest of These Fund to assist people whose troubles were worse than her own.

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We're grateful for that—deeply grateful—as we are for all sums that enable us to relieve the load of want and worry suffered by ex-Servicemen and their families.

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Sonny's Got A Girl, So—Dad's "Old Girl" Girlish.

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Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing [illegible] KEY LETTERS in order J—C—K—K entered [illegible] 8 competitors who thus share £25: J. T. Cotton, 25, Milburn Tce., Seaton Delaval; L. Halifax, Rutherall, Newark, Notts; J. Moole, New Villas, Saffron Walden; A. Neal, 50, Belvedere Rd., Bexley Heath; Gnr. F. Potter, 1708460, Somewhere-in-Britain; Mr. V. Rode, Wickham, Newbury; G. Tapp, 8, Park View, Wrexham; E. Woodward, "Berkeley," Falcon St., Felixstowe. Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 10 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order; shares in 2nd Runners-up Awards for 210 entrants with FIRST TWO.

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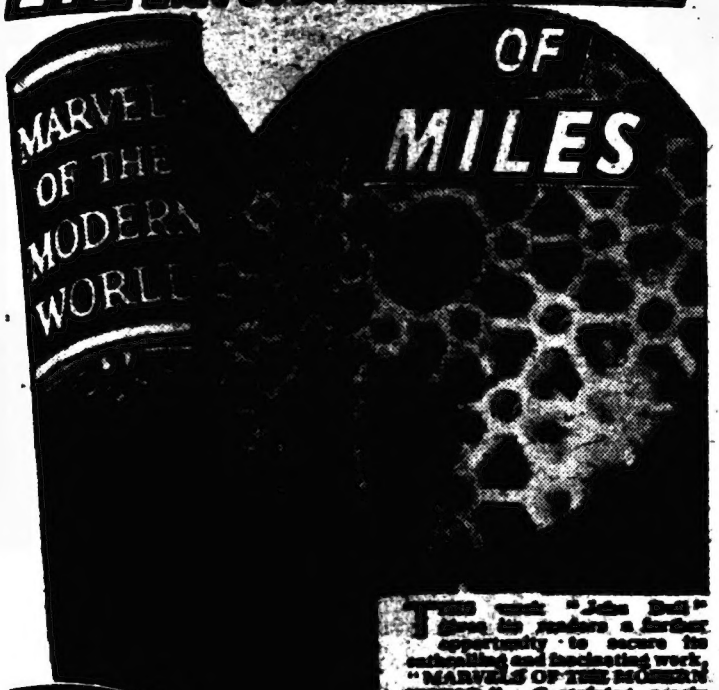

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"I had a very severe attack of 'flu, but when that left me I felt really worse—my nerves were all on edge, my appetite gone—I did not seem to care what happened. One day the wife bought me some Phosferine tablets, and after a few doses I found my nerves more steady, I was ready for my meals, in fact my whole system was toned up."

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1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size) (*Including Purchase Tax*)

2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE

Simple Recipe to End Catarrh

Don't let that catarrhal infection get a hold. Try this simple medicine—you can make it up at home quite easily, though nowadays most chemists keep it bottled ready for use. It's the wonderful old "Parmint" recipe and you will begin to feel relief with the first dose of this Parmint Syrup. It clears the stopped-up passages of the nose and throat, ends head noises and dullness, soothes and relieves the soreness of the chest. There's nothing to equal Parmint Syrup for smashing the worst attack of catarrh or catarrhal cold.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/5d. the bottle including tax. NOTE.—If you want to make it up yourself, ask for a 1 oz. bottle of the Concentrated Parmint Double Strength (price 3/2½). It is even more economical that way.

keep your cycle fit

And keep it 100% efficient by replacing worn parts with GENUINE PHILLIPS *FIT*tings—scientifically designed and manufactured to give close and accurate fit—and preferred by leading Cycle Manufacturers for that *genuine* reason. Consult your dealer now; ask him for PHILLIPS *FIT*tings.

PHILLIPS

FINAL 2-in-1 PRIZES FOR BULLETS

£200 AWARDS VALUE OVER

£10 GOLD WATCHES

£10 PLUS GOLD WATCH
£5 PLUS GOLD WATCH
£4 £3 £2
38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-
50 of 5/- 1000 MERIT AWARDS

£50 plus £25 RADIO FIRST PRIZE

WITH this week's grand *Bullets* offer of 2-in-1 prizes comes your one final opportunity to win a useful cheque *and* Gold Watch—all for just two, three or four well-chosen words on your coupon below

Scores of other cash prizes are waiting to be won, but you have only one week to be amongst the 1,061 winners. The time to get busy on your *Bullets* is now—post your coupon not later than Monday, July 3!

HOW TO WIN

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, a Leicester entrant selected from a recent list the *Example*, COMING PROBLEM. Upon that *Example* he built the First Prize *Bullet*, COMING PROBLEM—BEATING GERMANY? *BEATEN* GERMANY!

More winners for further guidance await you in the latest winning list on page 14.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces ballrate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated July 22, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

BIG PUSH .....
GENERAL HITLER .....
WHEN THE JOB'S DONE .....
INTO GERMANY .....
PLACE TO LIVE IN .....
AT HEADQUARTERS .....
FATE, THE JESTER .....
WAR IS TERRIBLE, BUT .....
SOON WE SHALL SEE .....
THANKS TO THE DOUGH-BOYS .....
LONG ARM OF THE LAW .....
UP AGAIN. .....
SIMPLY YELLING .....
MAKES ME BOIL .....
EXTRA RATION .....

SHOWS WISDOM .....
NO JOKE .....
PRICE OF A DRINK .....
DIDN'T MISS MUCH .....
TOOK THE WRONG TURNING .....

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

THE ..... QUESTION
MAN IN A .....
AS GOOD AS .....
DAWN OF .....
TRYING TO .....
WHERE THE ..... GOES

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each four paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bulletin" Bulletin dated July 22. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No.....

"BULLETS" No. 1,433

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, JULY 3

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,433—"JOHN BULL," LORD ADDR, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

His teeth need YOUR care

Mother, by taking proper care now you can ensure that your child has sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia,'* which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay. Ask for "Phillips' Dental Magnesia." Train your children to use it night and morning.

Sold everywhere 1/1d and 1/10½d.

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

Phillips'

Dental Magnesia

(Regd.)

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

—I know Jones have just had a delivery of

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

Protects the home from germs

KH 97-861 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

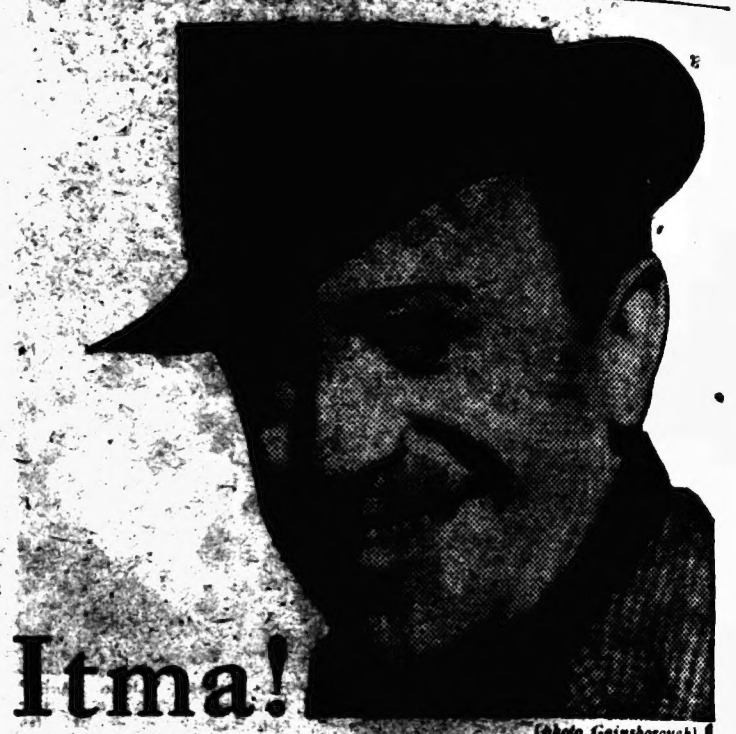
DUTY FREE

CIGARETTES & TOBACCO FOR PRISONERS OF WAR H.M. NAVY (SEAGOING SHIPS IN COMMISSION) H.M. FORCES OVERSEAS

MINIMUM QUANTITY 200 CIGARETTES	PRISONERS OF WAR	NAVY AND FORCES O'SEAS
STATE EXPRESS 555	6/3	7/-
STATE EXPRESS 333	5/-	5/6
STATE EXPRESS ASTORIAS (BLENDED)	4/-	4/6
ARDATH STRAIGHT CUT	3/4	4/-
STATE EXPRESS SMOKING TOBACCO 4 OZS.	2/3	3/-

Apply for full particulars and order from your tobacconist or from—

THE HOUSE OF STATE EXPRESS
Dept. 69
210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1



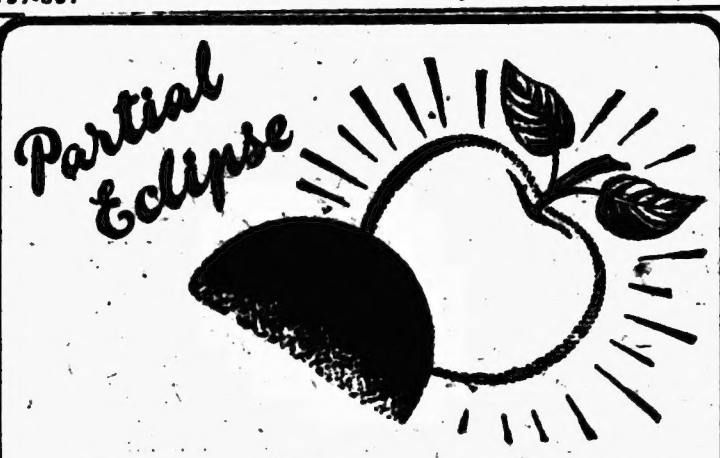
[Photo, Gainsborough]

Itma!

"It's That Man Again"—millions of delighted radio fans pay tribute to the quality of Tommy Handley's performance. *Quality* of performance has made Hercules Cycles the greatest name in the cycling world and their *long-running success* may well cause their fans to say: "It's That Machine Again."

HERCULES CYCLES

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD • Aston • Birmingham



We used to pride ourselves that there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. Now that is changed. Cyder, like many other things, is being zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must now be denied it until zoning ends. To the lucky ones in the Whiteway zones we extend our congratulations; to those who must forgo their favourite cyder, we offer our sincere regrets.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

This is the correct price to pay for our Medium-Sweet or Dry Hogsh Cyder.

CYD—70

This ointment kills germs — it contains 'Dettol'

Skin disorders are often slow and difficult to clear up because germs are poisoning the sore place and will not let it heal. Dettol Ointment marks a new scientific advance in the treatment of obstinate skin complaints.

This new ointment contains the germicidal principle of 'Dettol', the modern antiseptic which is used in nearly all our great hospitals. Dettol Ointment not only soothes and calms the irritation of painful sores, but sinks deep into the tissue, there to destroy the germs of infection and to help the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean new healthy skin.

DETTOL OINTMENT

From all Chemists 1/5, Large size 3/4, including tax

MUM WAS A REAL OLD DIE-HARD
LET ME TALK TO HER!
...I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FUSSY ABOUT WASHING, AND RINSING TAKES AGES
DARLING? NO WONDER YOU TAKE AGES
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BOIL TO GET THINGS CLEAN!
NOT WITH RINSO—YOU SOAK THEM FOR 15 MINUTES, I'LL SHOW YOU!
FIRST DAY
MRS. BUY SHOWS
AMAZ THE RINSO
METHOD: SOAK FOR 15 MINUTES IN
RINSO SUDS, A
AND A RINSE
WELL—I'M BLESSED! THEY'RE A TREAT ALL RIGHT!
THIS IS NICE, THANKS YOU FOR HELPING ME TO GET MY WASH DONE SO QUICKLY
RINSO

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